HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1888.

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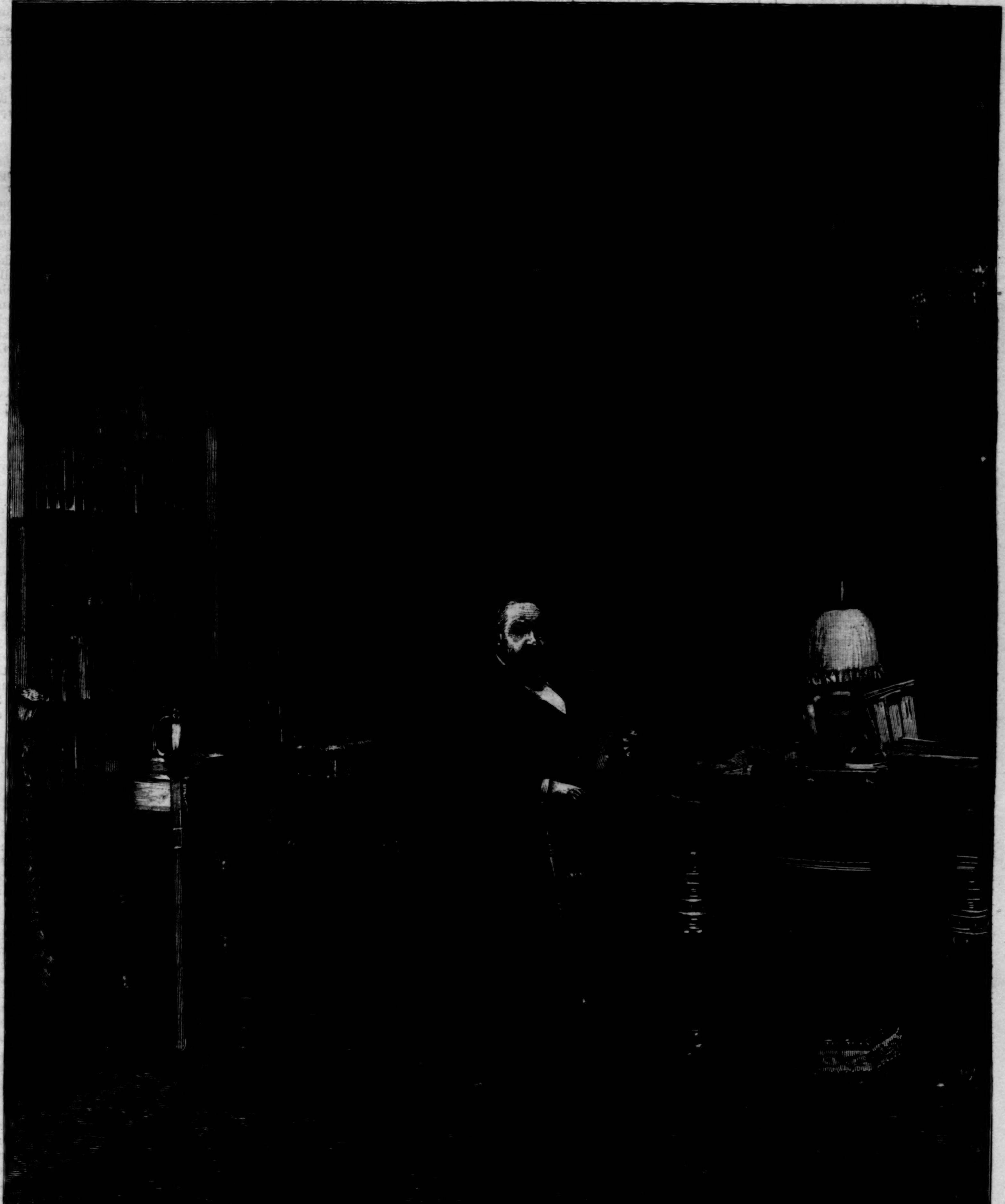
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



GENERAL HARRISON RECEIVING ELECTION DESPATCHES IN HIS LIBRARY.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The second number of the Tenth Volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued November 13th, contains the second part of the story,*

NELS THURLOW'S TRIAL,

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Other stories in this number are "Delcy's Squirrel," by KATE UPSON CLARK, *and "Uncle Peter's Trust," by* GEORGE B. PERRY. MR. S. G. W. BENJAMIN *tells "How the Smack 'Yankee' captured a British Cruiser."* R. B. WILLIAMS *describes the construction of a simple but effective turning-lathe, and a portrait is given of "A Little Kansas Heroine."*

The number for November 20th will be a Thanksgiving Number, and will contain a story by BARNET PHILLIPS, *a full-page drawing by* ALICE BARBER, *called "Their Thanksgiving Dinner," etc.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 17, 1888.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE RESULT.

THE result of an election can be ascertained by counting the votes, but its significance is not so easily apprehended. It has been acknowledged from the opening of the late canvass that the vote of New York would probably decide the election, and that the vote of New York would be determined within an area of ten miles from the City Hall. But within that area there is probably more trading of votes in a complicated election like that of this year than in any other area of the same extent in the country, and consequently, where the plurality which carries the State is not large, it is impossible to declare dogmatically the meaning of the result. There was no doubt that the tremendous majorities for LINCOLN in almost all the States in 1864 meant the unconditional prosecution of the war. Nobody doubted that. But it would have been a bold man who asserted precisely what the election of CLEVELAND in 1884, by a very small plurality in New York, signified. Knowing, as we all know in this city, the great number of purchasable and purchased votes, it would be impossible to interpret peremptorily the defeat of Mr. CLEVELAND by a moderate plurality as a deliberate rejection of the policy of reducing the surplus, which his candidacy represented. There has been no "cyclone," no "land-slide." The Republican canvass was conducted as if the issue were joined between protection and free-trade, and Republican success, therefore, under that theory, is a verdict against free-trade. But that was not Mr. CLEVELAND'S position, and it may be fairly said that if, as the Republicans insisted, the question was free-trade, the close vote and the plurality in the crucial State do not reveal that popular horror even of free-trade which has been supposed to exist.

However this may be, there is no doubt of the result. Unquestionably the decision at the polls will be regarded as practically conclusive against reduction of the surplus by diminishing taxes on necessities and raw materials. Whether the Republicans will frame a bill in accordance with their platform or with the Senate bill, or whether they will devote themselves to reducing the surplus by spending it, remains to be seen. They may interpret the election of General HARRISON as a general grant of authority to do what they choose. They will certainly interpret it as a mandate for maintaining an extreme tariff. It is easy to be wise after the event. But it is probably true that if the President had conceded less to the evil pressure of his party for patronage, and had adhered more rigidly to his own convictions in regard to reform in the civil service, he would have retained the warm support of the whole independent vote, and have commanded the sympathy of a very large number of Republicans. If then he had deferred the sudden projection of the tariff as the sole issue of the election, he would have been nominated and elected, with the opportunity to establish securely the reform which he had begun, while the education of public sentiment in tariff reform, which was not an issue sufficiently ripe for an immediate vote, would have proceeded. The fear of many of his friends, shared perhaps by himself, that his party might not renominate him if he had taken this position, was futile, because to refuse the nomination would have been to declare that his course was not approved, which would have been certainly fatal to his party. The more fully he justified the anticipations awakened by the circumstances of his election, the more certainly would he have been renominated and re-elected.

This is said in no reproachful spirit, because the course taken was due to an honest conviction of expediency. Mr. CLEVELAND will retire from the Presidency with the honorable consciousness of having proved to his countrymen that, notwithstanding the civil war and its traditions, the government is safe in the hands of any party, and of having done much to unite in good faith communities which have been long and bitterly severed in feeling. His administration will be acknowledged to have been singularly honest and patriotic, free from the great scandals which had become too common, and worthy of the respect of citizens whose views are not regulated by a party. It will be his distinction also that by his courage and independence he identified his party with a national policy which in its principle and purpose was approved by many who were yet unwilling, from old party associations, to give him their votes, and which raised the Presidential canvass to its true level of a popular discussion of principles and measures. If reform in the civil service has failed to receive from him the support which had been expected, and its advance under his administration has been less than his character and convictions seemed to promise, those who best know the situation are least harsh in their censure, and however they regret what seem to them errors of judgment and miscalculation both of party consequences and public support, they have not questioned and do not doubt his honesty of purpose, his sincerity of conviction, or the actual progress in reform which has been accomplished under his administration. It will be fortunate for the Republican party and for the country if the administration of General HARRISON—against whose personal character or that of his associate, Mr. MORTON, not a word has been uttered during the campaign—shall be as worthy of the honest commendation of patriotic citizens as that of his predecessor.

THE ELECTION IN NEW YORK.

THE issue in the State of New York between Governor HILL and ex-Senator MILLER was simple and definite. The Governor was known to be the candidate of the liquor interest and of hostility to ballot reform. Mr. MILLER made his canvass distinctly upon two measures—high license and a reformed ballot law. But the election was necessarily involved with the national election, and Mr. MILLER, an ardent Republican and high protectionist, in order to aid the national cause of his party, felt obliged to advocate warmly the high protective policy as well as the two State measures. But this course was naturally distasteful to the anti-HILL Democrats and to many independents who were tariff reformers. This was one of the complications which must always arise wherever there is a simultaneous election for so many offices. To the same situation is due the enormous trading of votes which took place this year, so that it is impossible to give a simple interpretation of the result. For these reasons the majority for Governor HILL does not distinctly represent a popular decision against high license or ballot reform, although doubtless it will confirm the Governor's disposition to withstand all reform legislation.

The result in New York, however, tends strongly to discredit the Democratic party. Mr. CLEVELAND, by his character, ability, and courage, and by the general course of his administration, had done more than all the Democratic leaders of this generation to re-establish his party in public confidence. But in the State of New York—his own State—upon whose electoral vote his re-election chiefly depended, his party nominated for Governor by acclamation a candidate who represents the worst Democratic traditions and tendencies, and elects him while Mr. CLEVELAND is defeated. The unanimous nomination and the election of such a candidate indicate that the reform sentiment in the party is impotent to control it, and that in New York at least Democratic ascendency means really the domination of such leaders as Mr. HILL. Certainly it will be difficult for any friend of temperance reform, or of ballot reform, or of any other really progressive measure of good government in this State, to suppose that it is likely to be advanced by the party which, judging by the election, prefers Governor HILL to Mr. CLEVELAND.

The Republicans of New York will now be put to proof. Their defeated candidate for the Governorship, as we have said, made his fight upon high license and ballot reform. They have secured a large majority of the Legislature, and they will probably bring forward measures to further both of those objects. In so doing they may be sure of the cordial support of the united sentiment which sustained the canvass of Mr. MILLER. The Republican Legislature can improve the situation in no way so well as by the passage of bills which will prove that in New York the Republican party is the party of temperance and ballot reform.

GENERAL HARRISON AND REFORM.

AMONG the strongest friends of civil service reform who in the late campaign arraigned Mr. CLEVELAND with great severity for his course, and who, having supported him in 1884, earnestly opposed his re-election, is Mr. HENRY C. LEA, of Philadelphia. Mr. LEA has been an independent for many years. He is a man of the highest public spirit, an effective advocate of the causes that he approves, and an aggressive opponent of those that he disapproves. During the campaign he had some vigorous passages at arms with the *Evening Post*, ending with a letter on the evening before the election, in which he addressed himself to Mr. D. B. EATON, who in a letter to the same journal had stated his view of Mr. CLEVELAND'S reform course, which was very much more friendly than Mr. LEA'S, although Mr. EATON was careful to dissociate himself from the President's party, and did not state that his vote, for whomsoever cast, would be governed solely by the President's course upon reform.

We do not propose to reopen any controversy of the campaign upon this subject. It is enough that, differing in judgment from Mr. LEA as to the course to be pursued, we read with pleasure and sympathy his remark in his last letter, that in regard to the probable course of Mr. HARRISON, should he be elected, "each reformer must determine this for himself, according to the best lights which he can obtain." In this remark every honest reformer can agree, and all such reformers also will not question the motives of those who differed from them, whether in supporting Mr. HARRISON or Mr. CLEVELAND. The last words of Mr. LEA in the canvass in concluding his letter will be accepted also, we are sure, in the spirit in which they were written:

> "Whatever be the result of the election, may I be permitted to express the hope that all friends of civil service reform shall find themselves reunited, and that the future administration may be subjected to a scrutiny severer than that which has been kept upon the present one?"

The wish here expressed is the feeling of all sincere reformers, although of course we do not accept the implication conveyed in its form. With few exceptions it seems to us that the especial friends of reform have treated the administration candidly and justly. But that we will not now argue. The Republican party as a party, in its platform, and not its candidate and prospective President only, has declared a distinct policy upon this subject. It has denounced the Democratic President for what it calls his treachery to the cause. Its course will be watched closely, but by the friends of reform with a candor and consideration of necessary difficulties which Republicans have contemptuously refused to President CLEVELAND, and none of his fellow-citizens will rejoice more in President HARRISON'S fidelity to the reform demand of the Republican platform than those who have been most vehemently accused of betraying the cause.

THE MAYORALTY.

THE result of the municipal election in New York points the old moral. It ought to be familiar by this time to good citizens and intelligent men, and it should have prevented the Republican nomination of Mr. ERHARDT. Municipal government, as intelligent Republicans know, is not a political government, and although it has fallen under the control of parties, there is no more desirable and practicable change than its rescue from that control. The political preponderance of the city vote is overwhelmingly Democratic. As long as the Mayoralty is treated as a partisan prize it will be captured by the Democratic party. But the enormity of the Democratic majority, and the extent of plunder offered by the city patronage in various forms, lead naturally and constantly to Democratic factional fights, which a sensible and intelligent Republican minority can readily turn to the advantage of the true non-partisan principle of municipal administration.

The opportunity to do this was never so favorable in the history of the city as in the late election. Mr. HEWITT is one of the ablest and most efficient Mayors that the city has ever had—a man of perfect integrity, of remarkable intelligence, ability, and courage, and of great public spirit, aptitude, and experience. He was nominated as a party candidate two years ago, and the situation was happily such that he received large Republican support, and was elected. His administration of affairs has been upon the whole remarkably satisfactory, and so independent in the public interest as to alienate one of the factions of his party. Upon his record as Mayor and his character as a man he was nominated for re-election by citizens of all parties and by one of the factions of his own party, and he accepted the nomination as an independent candidate who would not be a partisan political Mayor. If ever there was an opportunity for all citizens of every party who wish to put the government of the city of New York upon a proper footing, it was this. There was no question whatever that the support of Republicans who hold that view would have elected Mr. HEWITT, and secured a thoroughly honest and efficient non-partisan municipal administration. The Republicans, however, preferred not to support such a candidate, but to try to elect a Mayor of their own party. Doubtless by many voters of the party he was supported in entire good faith. But the result is the same old familiar situation. The city government, by the action of well-meaning Republicans, is handed over to Tammany Hall, and the important municipal appointments will be such as that institution thinks will best promote its welfare. Republicans were never tired of saying that to vote for the Prohibitionists was to commit the temperance cause to the party of the saloons. But in the situation which was known to exist in the city, to vote for a

Republican candidate was morally certain to bring Tammany into the City Hall. It is unfortunate that the rescue of the city government from abuses which are perfectly well known, and which good citizens of all parties wish to correct, should have been postponed again by the old device. To aid Tammany in obtaining control of the City Hall seems to be a high price to pay for maintaining Republican party organization.

SENATOR HALE'S REPORT.

WHAT we said when Senator HALE made his speech last winter reviewing the reform course of the Administration, and when his committee began last spring its investigation of the subject, we say of his recent report—that it is written in the interest of a party, and not of reform. Consequently it is only indirectly of service to reform. It mentions certain facts in the civil service under this Administration which are inconsistent with the principles of reform, and without any thing further, without any consideration of circumstances or statement of other facts tending to show the actual progress of reform, presents its statement to the country as conclusive evidence of the unchecked riot of old abuses.

Had Mr. HALE been intent upon showing the condition, progress, and prospect of the reform movement, he might have cited the facts of his own investigation, and his report itself, as illustrating the strong hold which the subject has taken of the public mind, and which was not relaxed by the predominance of the tariff question in the late campaign. Such a debate as that of the 3d of October in the Senate upon the BENET circular would not have been possible a few years ago, because the discharge of employés for partisan reasons was an accepted and unchallenged practice. In his recent speech Mr. HALE cited the Democratic assessment circular of Mr. S. A. BEARDSLEY, in Utica, as something which would be unnoticed by the Administration. But the advance of the cause is seen not only in Mr. HALE'S statement of this fact in the Senate, as discrediting the Administration, but also in the fact that it is stated by Mr. HALE, whose name appears, with other honorable and excellent names, upon JAY HUBBELL'S notorious assessing circular of 1882. Six years ago, in the phrase of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, it was a "usual" circular of the BEARDSLEY kind, which Mr. HALE himself signed. But he says truly that public opinion was then in a very different condition from that of to-day. Another pleasant sign of that changed condition is the remark of Senator TELLER that the clerk in the departments ought not to be selected because of his political affiliations. To one who remembers the amazement and incredulity and irritation with which the mere suggestion of such an opinion by a party layman was received by Republican Senators a few years ago, the remark of Senator TELLER is exceedingly significant.

If Senator HALE had been intent upon showing the progress of reform he might have mentioned the large percentage of Republican employés retained in the departments by a Democratic Administration, the generally faithful enforcement of the law classifying the service, the constant exposure and rebuke in the press of political removals and office-holding interference in nominations and elections. He might have stated that, since the days of the HUBBELL circular, national and State reform laws have been passed; the entire practicability of the reformed system has been warmly approved by heads of the most important offices after the most satisfactory tests; the political abuse of patronage has been made odious to the public mind; the ravages of partisan assessments have been greatly reduced; the Supreme Court has affirmed the constitutionality of the law forbidding them; the foulness of partisan management of State charitable institutions has been exposed, and legislative remedies have been sought; in Massachusetts laborers are successfully selected by the reformed system; its application to the selection of public-school teachers is contemplated; and in general that a fire has been kindled and is now rising higher and higher—a fire that will not be stayed until it has consumed a vast multitude of outrageous and long-tolerated abuses in the public service. Those who, like Senator HALE, are more interested in party success than in reform, are apt to speak of reform as betrayed and destroyed by President CLEVELAND, assisted by many reformers. Had they more faith in the people, and a clearer comprehension of the character of the reform, they would know that its progress and triumph are not at the mercy of a President, or of those who are described as renegade reformers.

MR. McCULLOCH'S REMINISCENCES.

ONE of the most charming of recent autobiographies is HUGH McCULLOCH'S *Men and Measures of Half a Century*. In a ripe old age Mr. McCULLOCH, who among our eminent public men is distinguished by his candor, simple rectitude, modesty, moderation, and urbanity, and whose conduct of the national finances during the administrations of LINCOLN, JOHNSON, and ARTHUR won the highest praises from the great master of English finance, Mr. GLADSTONE, has written a lucid and valuable narrative of his personal reminiscences.

Mr. McCULLOCH'S life covers the most interesting and exciting period of our history, embracing the whole slavery controversy. Born in New England, he went early to the West, where he remained until called to Washington; and he is the most notable living illustration of the HENRY CLAY Whig. But although by his ability naturally prominent in public life, by his temperament he has been always a quiet observer and not a hot partisan. Honors have sought his capacity, but he has never stooped nor fawned nor lost his self-respect in the long course of a distinguished career. His rare quality among American statesmen is his tranquil independence. It has led him, however, to no uncertain or doubtful action. He has merely held to his convictions and followed them quietly, and the happy result is universal public confidence and respect.

It is this quality which gives the charm and value to his reminiscences. A sagacious observer and companion of eminent men, with unusual opportunities of observation, he records his impressions with entire candor. There is obviously no attempt to conform to accepted judgments, no fear of traversing popular estimates, no effort to ingratiate or to flatter individual persons or the public. Every page is fresh with sagacious and original observation, and there is plainly no other purpose than to tell the truth. His view of ANDREW JOHNSON, General GRANT, and General McCLELLAN, for instance, may not be the usual view. But especially in the case of JOHNSON Mr. McCULLOCH will undoubtedly do much to reverse the popular impression. His sketches of life and scenery in the West of half a century ago are vivid and delightful, and his views of national policy and of economical and financial questions are those of a wise thinker and not of a tyro. Mr. McCULLOCH'S work is a valuable contribution to the history of American life, and its kindliness of spirit reveals a character which is as beautiful as it is unusual among public men.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

THE monument commemorative of the Boston massacre of March 5, 1770, which will be unveiled on the 14th of November on the Common in that city, recalls an event which was held at the time to be of such importance that the recurrence of the day was annually celebrated and a patriotic oration delivered. It is one of the Revolutionary legends, and the contemporaneous feeling in regard to it has been transmitted without examination and as a part of the great tradition of the contest. A British sentry was insulted and assailed. He raised an alarm. A squad of soldiers appeared, and after enduring taunts and attacks from the crowd, they fired, and five Americans were killed. The leader of the Americans in the affray was CRISPUS ATTUCKS, probably a half-breed Indian, and his name leads those of the five who fell. The memorial therefore is regarded as especially honoring the colored race, and prominent colored citizens will take a chief part in the ceremonies.

The monument is erected "by the commonwealth of Massachusetts in honor of those who fell at the Boston massacre." But there is some question whether the incident was wisely selected. The important fact in regard to it is that although popular feeling was excited to such frenzy that the professional offer of JOHN ADAMS and JOSIAH QUINCY, JUN., to defend the commander of the troops, Captain PRESTON, was considered to be a brave opposition to public sentiment, yet the captain was acquitted, and the Chief-Justice, whom Dr. PEABODY describes as eminent for his judicial integrity and impartiality, said:

> "Happy am I to find, after such strict examination, the conduct of the prisoner appear in so fair a light, yet I feel myself deeply affected that this affair turns out so much to the disgrace of every person concerned against him, and so much to the shame of the town in general."

JOHN ADAMS says in his diary of the trials of PRESTON and the soldiers:

> "The juries in both cases, in my opinion, gave correct verdicts. It appeared to me that the greatest service which could be rendered to the people of the town was to lay before them the law as it stood, that they might be fully apprised of the dangers of various kinds which must arise from intemperate heats and irregular commotions. Although the clamor was very loud among some sorts of people, it has been a great consolation to me through life that I acted in this business with steady impartiality, and conducted it to so happy an issue."

There is no doubt that the riotous and disorderly spirits in Boston took advantage of the excitement of the time to commit excesses, and that there was a mob in the town, after the fashion of London and the other English cities. The wrath with the soldiers was due to the fact that they had been quartered in the town, and the insults of the mob to the sentry, from which the affray sprang, were an expression of that feeling. Such an incident, however stirring and exciting at the time, is hardly the most fitting for especial commemoration.

A HYDRA-HEADED EVIL.

THE liquor interest is now one of the strongest forces in American politics, not in a general and indefinite way, but by an effective organization, of which a recent pamphlet by ROBERT GRAHAM, the secretary of the Church Temperance Society, gives an instructive glimpse. In this city the saloons rule politics, and deference to the saloon interest is the chief condition of political success. Of 1002 political meetings, from primaries to nominating conventions, held in the city in the year before the election of 1884, there were 719 held in saloons or next door to them, and 283 in places separate from the saloons.

The retail trade over the counter is kept in the hands of the great liquor houses. This is not true of other trades. The 2500 retail butchers are not in the power of the 180 wholesale merchants, and the 1200 retail bakers are independent of the 18 wholesale flour brokers. There is no evidence that the 150 wholesale grocers own the fixtures and the stock of the 4700 retail dealers. But the 8000 or 10,000 liquor saloons do not represent a legitimate demand. The larger part of them are mere agencies of the great liquor factories. Mr. GRAHAM publishes the names and addresses of 808 retail dealers upon whose saloons chattel mortgages are held by two great factories, and a summary of 1908 such mortgages held by twenty "liquor barons," covering a total amount of $1,702,136, and including these figures, the total number of chattel mortgages on saloon fixtures from October, 1887, to October, 1888, is 4710, and the value is $4,959,578. Of these an overwhelming number is held by the great liquor manufacturers.

This interest boasts, and no doubt truly, that it controls forty thousand votes in this city. That is a force which decides not only the State but the national election. It is an enormous power founded upon ignorance and degradation, absolutely unscrupulous and despotic. Its restraint and regulation are a vital necessity of the public welfare, and this policy is already one of the chief questions in State politics.

PERSONAL.

HON. WILLIAM WIRT HENRY, of Richmond, Virgina, is writing a life of his illustrious grandfather, PATRICK HENRY. Mr. HENRY inherited a splendid portrait of his ancestor, painted in the famous red cloak which was so well known in the Revolution. It is the only admirable likeness of PATRICK HENRY in existence, and has been presented to the Virginia Historical Society to be kept in their fire-proof building. Mr. WILLIAM WIRT HENRY also inherited the PATRICK HENRY estate of Red Hill, in Charlotte County, and has an immense mass of his grandfather's manuscripts, with the abstract of a celebrated case in JOHN RANDOLPH'S handwriting.

—Two of the three Americans who have gained much notoriety in Europe by the strange influence which they were said to have gained over King CHARLES of Würtemberg have been deposed, but the third, Baron VON JACKSON (once plain RICHARD M. JACKSON, of Steubenville, Ohio), still enjoys royal favor. JACKSON is the son of a poor farmer in Steubenville, and went to Stuttgart to study music. Not being very successful as a musician, he obtained the United States Vice-Consulship. While in this position he made the acquaintance of King CHARLES, who took a fancy to him, and made him "reader to the King"—a position equivalent to confidential companion. JACKSON seems to be a very decent sort of a man, and not an adventurer, and he has risen to his present position of confidant and privy councillor through social and business qualities which have made him valuable to the King. He is said to have won the love of a titled lady, and this, with his influence over the King, has aroused bitter court jealousies in Würtemberg and Germany.

—Investigation of the jobbery and waste in the British navy and army develops the fact that there are 281 admirals on the pay-roll, while not over 50 could be employed under any circumstances. Their salaries are not stated, but the 13 admirals in actual service cost the nation £37,600 a year. In the army there are 140 generals, 109 of whom do nothing but wear their titles, at $4000 a year.

—The hippopotamus seems to be as surely on the road to extermination by hunters as the American buffalo is. VON FRANCOIS, the Congo explorer, says the huge but innocent pachyderms are already scarce in the waters that once teemed with them, and laments that they have been shot down by hundreds in mere wanton sport, their valuable hides being rarely removed.

—The inventor of Volapük, JOHANN MARTIN SCHLEYER, is not dead as a recent cable despatch stated, although he has been dangerously ill and received the last sacraments. The Baden baths cured him, and he lives to edit the *Volapükabled Zenodik*, the official organ of the Society, whose head-quarters have lately been removed to Paris.

—Dr. DAVID HOSTETTER, of Pittsburgh, died in this city last week, leaving a fortune of $20,000,000 as the result of successful speculation in patent medicine and natural gas.

—The last dying request of General SHERIDAN to President CLEVELAND saved Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. FORSYTH of the Tenth Cavalry from the dismissal to which a court-martial had sentenced him for various offences. FORSYTH had been the General's aide for years, and had distinguished himself as a soldier. During his term of suspension two junior colonels will be promoted over his head.

—Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, who was removed from Sag Harbor, late in the summer, to Hartford, Connecticut, to die in her old home, as her friends thought, is better now than she has been for years, and walks quite readily with the aid of a cane.

—General JOHN M. PALMER, who has just made such a gallant fight as the Democratic nominee for Governor in Illinois, is seventy-two years old. He made over one hundred speeches and travelled over seven thousand miles during the campaign.

—Mlle. MARTHE SOUCORES, the young Italian who won the first prize in the recent beauty show at Spa, has received many offers of marriage from bankers and English sprigs of nobility.

—A curious idiosyncrasy is said to have possessed Miss ELIZABETH PEABODY, of Boston, the last of a circle of eminent men and women, which once included EMERSON, ALCOTT, CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, and MARGARET FULLER. She is eighty-six years old, and although surrounded by intellectual friends of both sexes, she devotes herself exclusively to SARAH WINNEMUCCA, an untutored Indian woman, even sharing her room with her.

—Massachusetts is bragging over her first case of double twins, the wife of a German mechanic in Millbury having just given birth to four little girls. The children were all well formed, bright, and active, three of them weighing between five and six pounds each, and the smallest between two and three pounds. At last accounts the mother and babies were all doing well, the only concern expressed being in regard to the father, who seemed to be overwhelmed by the weight of responsibility thrust upon him.

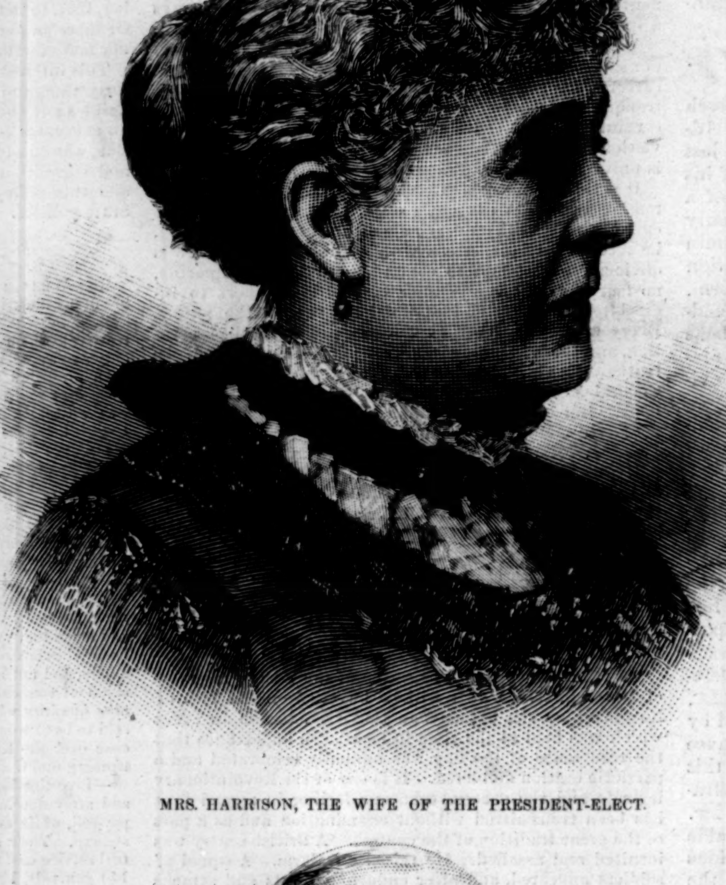
—Senator DAWES has just celebrated his seventy-second birthday at his home in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. His years and his long term of service in the United States Senate do not seem to weigh upon him, and he is in excellent health.

—WILLIAM WARREN, Boston's favorite actor, left an estate appraised at $210,699.

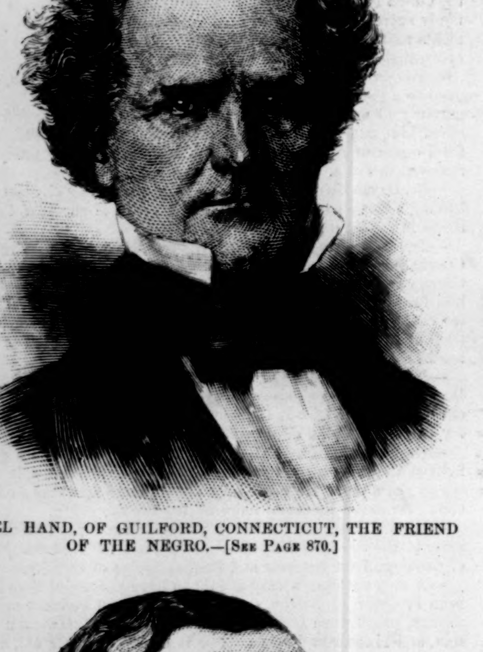
—We owe to the courtesy of the *Mail and Express* of this city the photographs from which are taken the portrait of Mrs. HARRISON and the picture of the interior of General HARRISON'S library, given in this number of the WEEKLY.

—P. T. BARNUM, according to the gossip of show circles, is to establish a theatre and museum in New York on a scale of magnificence never before approached in that particular line.

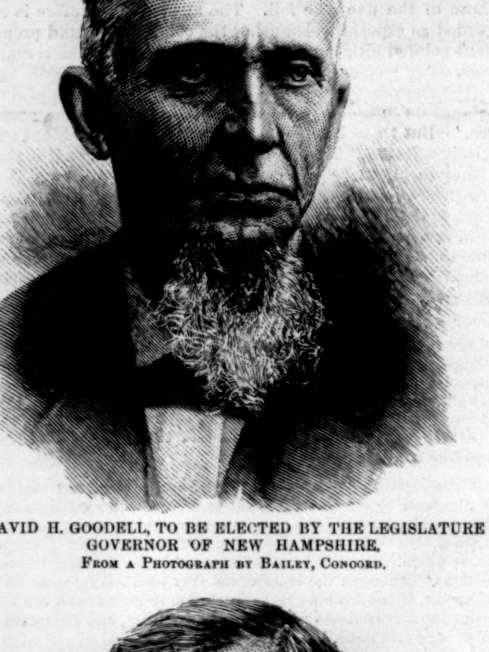
—Expediency or selfishness rarely hesitates to interfere with the course of true love among the royal families of the Old World, and the Emperor of Germany is apparently the most ruthless match-breaker of the present time. Having sacrificed the hopes of one of his sisters on the altar of diplomacy, he now indulges his spite against France by stopping the engagement of Prince GEORGE, the second son of the King of Greece, and the Princess MARGUERITE, daughter of the Comte de Paris, because his own sister, the Princess SOPHIA of Prussia, is to marry another son of the King. Emperor WILLIAM could not brook even a fourth-hand relationship to a French woman.



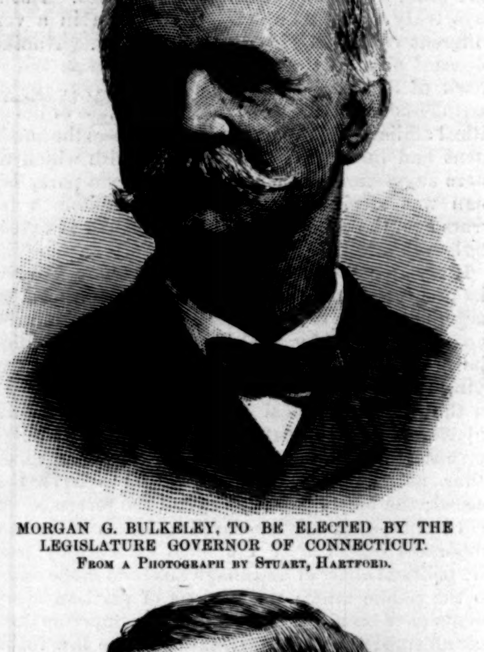
MRS. HARRISON, THE WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.



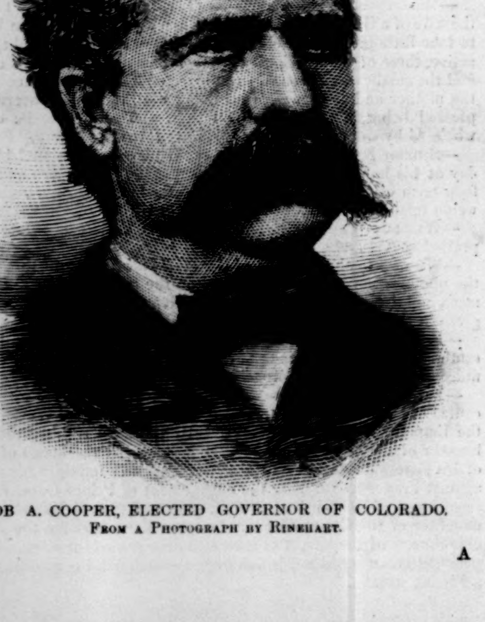
DANIEL HAND, OF GUILFORD, CONNECTICUT, THE FRIEND OF THE NEGRO.—[See Page 870.]



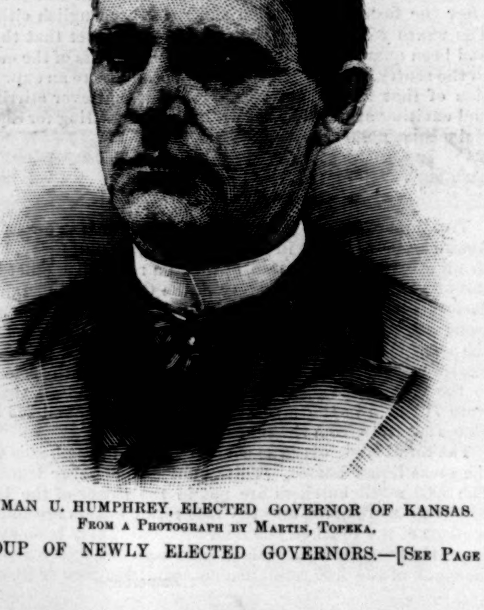
DAVID H. GOODELL, TO BE ELECTED BY THE LEGISLATURE GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.
From a Photograph by Bailey, Concord.



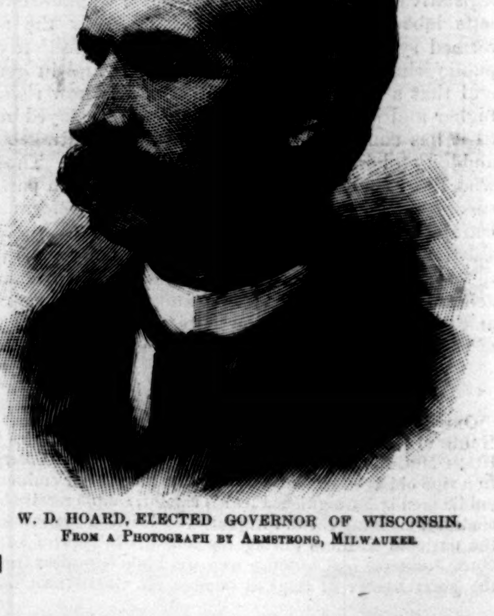
MORGAN G. BULKELEY, TO BE ELECTED BY THE LEGISLATURE GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT.
From a Photograph by Stuart, Hartford.



JOB A. COOPER, ELECTED GOVERNOR OF COLORADO.
From a Photograph by Rinehart.



LYMAN U. HUMPHREY, ELECTED GOVERNOR OF KANSAS.
From a Photograph by Martin, Topeka.



W. D. HOARD, ELECTED GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN.
From a Photograph by Armstrong, Milwaukee.

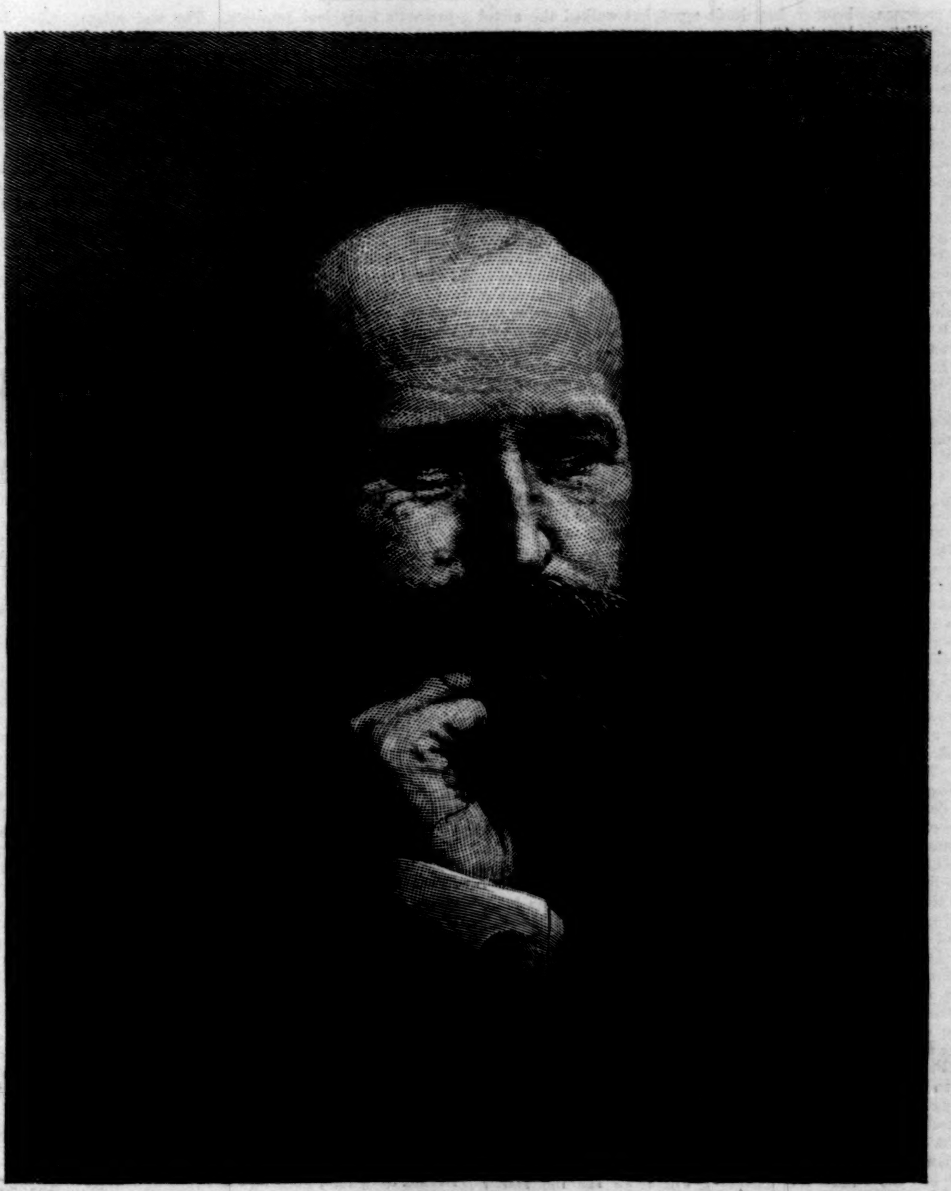
A GROUP OF NEWLY ELECTED GOVERNORS.—[See Page 870.]

THE VERESTCHAGIN EXHIBITION.

A richer, more inspiring artistic feast has not been offered us in this generation than the Russian painter Vassili Verestchagin has set before us in the Galleries of the American Art Association. Handsome in themselves, and well-designed for elegance and comfort, these spacious galleries were never seen to such advantage as now, when Mr. Verestchagin has decorated them with a truly sumptuous magnificence, controlled by a noble taste, to serve as a harmonious setting for his pictures.

Many attempts have been made in our city to decorate picture-galleries on the occasion of public exhibitions. Owing, no doubt, to the lack of experience on the part of our artists, as well as to a mistaken economy on the part of those who have controlled these affairs, the results have been, in every case, so far as we can remember, marked by a certain childishness, a want of adaptation to the purpose, the decoration uneasily forcing itself on our attention, so that we saw the decoration and the pictures, first one and then the other, whereas we should have seen the pictures and only felt the decoration. Mr. Verestchagin being a Russian, and all his pictures relating to Russia and the East, he has relied almost entirely on his magnificent collection of Oriental rugs for the decoration of these rooms. The effect is, as would be judged, extremely quiet and resting to the eye, while the pictures are allowed to exert their full influence, not merely undisturbed by their surroundings, but helped by them. Not helped by them as we often see pictures helped by skilfully arranged artificial lighting, but as a man is helped to do or say his best when he is in company perfectly congenial to his tastes. Although our business is with the pictures themselves, and not with the decoration of the rooms that contain them, we shall hope to be excused for calling attention to the two large carpets that serve as portières to the first room and to the stairway leading from it to the upper galleries. These carpets were copied for Mr. Verestchagin by the inmates of Russian prisons from old models, and while the nobility of their design and the harmony of their colors must strike every observer, their owner says that their inferiority in brilliancy of coloring to their originals is such that were these hung by the side of them the old would be taken for new, and the new would appear to be old. Some idea of their size and weight—matters, it is true, of no particular importance—may be gathered from the simple fact that it needed sixteen men to bring one of these carpets from the street to the room in which they hang. Another portion of the decoration that is to be enjoyed for itself is that of the small octagonal room on the second floor, to be used during the season of the exhibition as a music-room. No pictures are hung in this apartment; its only contents are a piano and a divan. The walls are entirely covered with rugs, which are draped over the two doorways and over the window, while the ceiling is turned into a tent roof made of shawls. The general effect is sober, well relieved by rugs of somewhat lighter tone than the rest.

The pictures that make up this exhibition may be divided into three classes: the religious subjects; the landscapes, including the architectural subjects; and the historical compositions. All of these are in the highest degree interesting according to their kind, but there can be no dispute as to the fact that the stir made in Europe by this exhibition has been excited by the historic and religious pictures. Beautiful and almost perfect in their execution as are the landscapes and the architectural pieces, they would never have created—they are not fitted to create—the wide popular interest that has been felt in the pictures that treat with such imaginative realism certain passages in the life of our Saviour, and certain episodes in the history of our time. We engrave two of these subjects, but before speaking of them we feel it necessary to assure the reader that Mr. Verestchagin's great merit as a painter has been too much lost sight of in the hubbub that has been made over the pictures that deal with sacred and historico-social questions. In the war of words over the purpose of his art, and its probable influence for good or evil, we have seldom heard any opinion expressed as to his skill in his profession. Indeed we remember to have heard it intimated that he was not a painter at all, and that it was only the literary or historic interest in his works that made it worth while to consider them.



VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN.—From a Photograph by Kurtz.

AN EXECUTION IN BRITISH INDIA.—Photographed by Kurtz from the Painting by Verestchagin.

This opinion is now perceived, in the presence of the pictures themselves, to be wholly mistaken. We do not, indeed, think the painting of any of the large historic pieces especially commendable. Mr. VERESTCHAGIN is nowhere more remarkable than in his fine sense of aerial perspective, his power to represent air, light, and distance; in his smaller pictures the skill displayed in the painting of the figure is most delightful; in the large picture "The Private Mosque of the Great Mogul," no master that ever lived, we care not who may be named, ever drew his people truer or more instinct with life. "When Noureddin prayed in the temple," says the Arab historian, "his subjects believed that they saw a sanctuary within the sanctuary." This sentence comes into our mind when we ascend the stairs leading into the upper gallery, and see before us the great mosque of white marble, pure as a cave hollowed out of the new-fallen snow, in which the Sultan and his attendants are praying. We shall return to this noble picture again, but we speak of it here only to mark an exception to the inferiority, as we feel it, of the figure-painting in the larger works here shown.

The two pictures we engrave belong to a trilogy, as it were, representing or symbolizing certain historic martyrdoms: a crucifixion among the Romans, the shooting of Sepoys from guns by the English, and the hanging of Nihilists by the Russians. Mr. VERESTCHAGIN does not particularize these events; he does not speak of *the* crucifixion, nor does he mean that the shooting of the Sepoys here represented was done at any particular time. Indeed, to hear him describe the former picture, one would think—so impersonal is his manner—that some one else had painted it and not he, and certainly he forbears to name any of the personages. All is, that the crucifixion of Jesus was only one of many such incidents, and that the scene presented must have resembled this in its general character. Thus he said to the writer, in the course of a most interesting and instructive commentary in detail on his pictures: "I *think* the two priests are explaining to the Roman soldier that these three were all bad men who deserved to die: I *think* that is what they are saying. These people in front are part of a caravan going home from the market, and this woman in the corner, there at the left—I *think* she must be the mother of one of the victims: you see she is crying. Look at that Jew boy in front. He stops and turns, and points with his finger: I *think* he is saying, 'See! that is the man's mamma.' It must be so. How badly she is crying! Those men on the crosses shed a great deal of blood. The doctors tell me that men wounded that way in the hand bleed very much: it is hard to stanch: so I have made much blood." This impersonal way of looking at the matter enables us also to assume for the nonce a similar attitude, and to look at the event in a broader, more humanitarian way. "These are our conscripts"—this is the way the world always, yesterday, to-day, and forever, treats those who give their lives to its service. This is all very well, but it remains that the treatment falls below the dignity of the subject, and that the composition is ineffective; for too much importance is given to the crowd of spectators, and too little individuality to the sufferers. Besides, the painting is far inferior to the ordinary work of the artist: he seems to have been hampered with his subject. And yet his independence is shown here in as marked a way as elsewhere. He has broken with the traditional treatment which grouped the mother and the friends of Jesus in dramatic attitudes about the cross, and made Mary Magdalene conspicuous by the beauty of her golden hair and the sumptuousness of her bodily charms. "That," he says, pointing to a gaunt and homely woman, her hair dishevelled, her arms hanging down before her, her hands clasped, and her eyes streaming with tears—"that might be Maria Magdalena! After all is over, the family, the women, might be allowed to come near the victims, but just now it would not be allowed."

So with the other picture, the shooting of the Sepoys, VERESTCHAGIN does not say that this particular scene is an incident of the great mutiny. Shooting from guns is the only way, he says, that 60,000 soldiers in a strange country can keep in awe 250,000,000 natives. Superstition must be utilized. The natives do not fear to die, but they fear to die in any way that destroys the identity of the body. They cannot enter heaven blown limb from limb. Therefore this is the way to touch their souls with dreadful awe, and the English, says our artist, have always blown from guns, blow from guns to-day, and will blow from guns as long as India is held.

But VERESTCHAGIN is not only a prophet of evil, a poet of night and cruel deeds. He is not seen in these bloody pictures: he is at home in peaceful scenes, and where religion, whether in Christian or in Mohammedan shrines, breathes thoughts of holy calm and divine contemplation. The religious pictures, the scenes from the life of Jesus, are, to our thinking, beyond expression beautiful, and tell the story as it never yet was told by any painter. The five pictures ranged side by side in the second gallery are examples of imaginative realism such as could not have been produced, so far as we have any evidence, by any living artist. It is not only the thought, it is the verse that enshrines it, that makes the perfect poet, and VERESTCHAGIN's skill as a painter goes hand in hand with the imaginative conception in these pictured episodes. Was the relation between Jesus and John ever made so clear, or its deep meaning? The stern ascetic forerunner, recluse of the desert, and ever shrilling his one harsh cry, "Repent! repent!" sits amid the desert sands, and with his shaggy head bent on his knees listens to the earnest voice of the elder brother at his side, who pours into his ears his nobler, sweeter message of heavenly hope and peace. He too, this elder brother, has dwelt apart, has walked the awful hills in solemn musing, and has "heard the voice of God in the silence of the fields." We see him here descending from the lonely height to the plain, resolved on his mission; we see him in the bosom of his family, withdrawn awhile from his work, and reading the scrolls of that older Law which he came, not to destroy, but to fulfil. And here again, by the shore of the azure sea, with a few sails of the fishermen moving softly like clouds over its unruffled breast, the Prophet sits, and with a heart full of love to his fellows breathes out the music of his pity for their sins in forebodings of the evil days that are at hand. All these pictures are beautiful; the landscape is endued with a sympathetic charm, the sea, the sky, the drifted and denuded desert sands, the green meadows seen between the folded hills—all this is felt to be in the happiest unison with the story that is told: there is nothing perfunctory, nothing put in for effect; never did an artist think and work with more instinctive consent of hand and brain.

The field opened by this vast collection is not one to be exhausted in an article, nor in many articles. Looked at as the work of a single man, it is one of the wonders of our time, for when every deduction has been made, the quantity of admirable work that remains surpasses what any other artist of our time has to show. The smaller pictures are, without exception, beautiful, and their painting makes all other modern painting for the time being seem cold and perfunctory. The upper gallery, where is the great "Interior of the Mosque of the Moguls," has picture after picture that would make a reputation for any man. Compare the best painting of a mosque by GÉRÔME with any one of the three small pictures at the left, especially the "Pearl Mosque." How softly the marble gives back its moonbeam light, how quiet the hush, how reverent the worship! These are not models hired by the hour, and painted with the receipts of the Beaux-Arts; they are the creations of an observer who was a poet before he was an artist. Here are three pictures on one side of the room—all different, yet each perfect in its way—showing, in little, the same fine sympathy with architecture and understanding of it that is shown as grandly in the large picture near them. And then opposite these, on the right-hand wall, are three other pictures, of the "Tomb of the Kings" and of the "Wall of Lamentation," that are equally admirable in an entirely different way. And the "View of Moscow," and the vast landscape of the Himalaya, and the "Convoy of Prisoners," and the "Sentinel upon the Danube Banks"—would that there were space to call attention to the varied excellences of these remarkable works! If in the religious pictures VERESTCHAGIN touches his highest imaginative achievement, in landscape he astonishes and delights us in his picture of the "Snow Peaks of India" (in the great gallery, near the chimney), where we see the snowy summits forming themselves, as it were, before our eyes, born of the trailing mist and floating cloud. This landscape has the same imaginative quality that characterizes all the artist's best work. We close these few notes with a double feeling: fear lest our enthusiasm may seem extravagant, in view of the fact that so little has been said by others of the artist's technical ability, and regret that we cannot more fully justify that enthusiasm. Artists at least will recognize the talent, nay, the genius, that speaks so eloquently from the walls of these galleries, and calls them to emulate not only the technical excellence of their fellow-craftsman, but his enthusiastic devotion to the poetry and the religion of his art.

CLARENCE COOK.

DANIEL HAND'S GIFT.

MR. DANIEL HAND, who has given one million dollars for the education of colored children of both sexes in the South, has had an interesting career. Before the war he was widely known in the South as a prominent and prosperous business man. Fifty years ago he was already established in Augusta, Georgia, and by the time the war broke out he had acquired large interests as a merchant in that city, in Charleston, and elsewhere. One of his partners of that time, who had grown up to affluence from a clerkship under him at a salary of fifty dollars a year, still lives in Charleston, and has a romantic story to relate of the method by which Mr. HAND's fortune was saved from confiscation by the Confederate government. When the war began, Mr. HAND was in this city purchasing supplies for his various business houses in the South. He was not in sympathy with the secession movement, and hence concluded to remain in New York. But when the sequestration acts were passed he was alarmed for the safety of his property, all of which was in the South. He was advised to return, and attempted to do so, but at Washington and Baltimore he failed to get through the lines, and on trying to enter by way of New Orleans he was arrested for a spy. Through the good offices of his partner in Charleston he was soon released, and allowed to proceed to Augusta, his former home. Here a howling mob called for his punishment as a spy from the North, and the Mayor, who was his friend, had to put him in jail as a protection from violence. Released from this confinement, he was then taken to Richmond under suspicion, and confined there for several weeks in Libby Prison. During this time a suit for the sequestration of his property in Charleston was pressed, but it ended in his favor. When finally he secured a release from Libby Prison he decided to go North again, and remain until matters took on a brighter look. Meanwhile his Southern interests were confided to the care of his old partner, who was to hold and manage them as his own. In case of further attempts at confiscation they were to be regarded as the partner's individual property. The real estate stood in the partner's name. This partner was the banker GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, now of Charleston, and a man of large fortune.

Mr. HAND's entire possessions are estimated at more than $2,000,000. The $1,000,000 which he gives for the education of colored children represents, generally speaking, the amount saved for him through the intervention of Mr. WILLIAMS. There is a kind of poetic fitness, therefore, in the disposition now so generously made of this large sum of money. About a year ago it was known that Mr. HAND expected to bequeath the sum for this purpose, but he changed his plan. Like PETER COOPER, EZRA CORNELL, and other wise and sane philanthropists, he has made the gift in his own lifetime. He has chosen the method of turning the money over to the American Missionary Association, and it is expected that no time will be lost in making use of it. It is in the form of securities bearing interest in part at six per cent., the total present income from them being placed at between $50,000 and $60,000. The $1,000,000 given represents the face value of the securities. Their market value is now something more. Mr. HAND lives at Guilford, Connecticut, and is said to be a bachelor between seventy-five and eighty years of age.

A GROUP OF NEW GOVERNORS.

THE next Governor of Connecticut will be a Republican. Although the State has given the Democratic candidate a plurality, he has had the misfortune to fail of obtaining a majority over all. This throws the election into the Legislature, which is a Republican body. The office will obviously go the Republican candidate, MORGAN G. BULKELEY, of Hartford. Mr. BULKELEY was born at East Haddam, Connecticut, December 26, 1838. His father was E. A. BULKELEY, for many years a prominent business man of Hartford, and a descendant of the Rev. PETER BULKELEY, a Non-conformist minister of Bedfordshire, England, who emigrated to New England in 1634. Having been educated at the Hartford High-School, MORGAN G. BULKELEY in 1852 became a clerk in a business establishment in Brooklyn, and finally a partner. He was also an active Republican while living in Brooklyn, but on the death of his father he returned to Hartford. When the estate of his father had been settled, he accepted the Presidency of the United States Bank of Hartford, and afterward became President of the Ætna Life-insurance Company. He has been a member of both branches of the Common Council of Hartford, and has held the office of Mayor for four consecutive terms. While a citizen of this State, Mr. BULKELEY joined the Thirteenth Regiment of Volunteers from New York, and he served under McCLELLAN in the Peninsular campaign. His first active interest in politics dates from the TAYLOR campaign, when he was a leading debater in one of the boys' clubs of Hartford. Mr. BULKELEY was nominated in the Gubernatorial Convention by acclamation.

The new Governor of New Hampshire, DAVID H. GOODELL, a Republican, was born at Hillsborough, in that State, May 6, 1834. Seven years later his father, JESSE R. GOODELL, removed with his family to Antrim, an adjoining town. Having prepared for college at the Francestown Academy, DAVID GOODELL entered Brown University in 1852, and remained there until, in his Sophomore year, his health failed, and compelled him to abandon the course. After his health had been restored he taught in various academies for a time, and then became secretary and treasurer, and finally general agent, of a company newly organized in Antrim to manufacture shovels. In 1864 he began to make a machine for paring apples. From this modest beginning finally grew the Goodell Cutlery Company, which gives employment to about one hundred and fifty persons. In 1876 he was elected a Representative in the New Hampshire Legislature, and was re-elected in 1877 and 1878. In 1888 he became a member of the Executive Council. He has long been active as a member of the State Board of Agriculture, and is a charter member of the Grange at Antrim. Mr. GOODELL is married, and has two children. The family worship in the Baptist church. Mr. GOODELL is reported to have failed to obtain a majority over all the other candidates. His plurality is given as only 750. But the Legislature will secure his election, as it is Republican.

The successful Republican candidate in Colorado, Mr. JOB A. COOPER, is a native of Bond County, Illinois, and completed his forty-fifth year on the day of the election. His father was an Englishman who settled in New Jersey in 1820, and in 1840 went to Illinois as a pioneer in Bond County. When ten years old, the son was sent away from the farm to attend school at Knoxville, where he prepared for Knox College, which is at Galesburg. Having pursued a classical course until 1864, he abandoned it for a time to enter the army as a volunteer, but at the close of the war he resumed his studies, and was graduated in 1865. Two years later he was admitted to the bar, and for four years served as Clerk of the Circuit Court of Bond County, to which he had been elected. He then went to Denver and opened a law office. From this time his rise to position and influence was rapid. In 1876 he was made Vice-President of the German National Bank of Denver, and in 1876 became Cashier of the bank, and a member of the City Council, serving two terms, and once as President of the body. He has also been made Treasurer of the State University, situated at Boulder. Mr. COOPER has been successfully connected with many business enterprises besides banking. Railroads, mining, and cattle-raising have also engaged his time and energies. He was married in 1867 to a Galesburg lady, and has had four children.

LYMAN U. HUMPHREY, whom the Republicans have elected in Kansas, was born in Stark County, Ohio, July 25, 1844. Though a boy in his teens when the war broke out, he entered the Union army in time to participate in some of the principal engagements, including Fort Donelson, Pittsburg Landing, Corinth, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and Atlanta. He was twice wounded, and when the war closed had reached the rank of Captain. After a course of general study, he went to Ann Arbor to study law, and in 1868 was admitted to practise in the courts of Ohio. He soon removed to Shelby County, Missouri, and thence in a short time to Independence, in Kansas. His political advancement from this time was rapid. Defeated in 1871 as a Republican candidate for the Legislature in consequence of his opposition to certain railroad measures, he was elected to the office a few years later. He served two years as a member of the State Central Committee, and in 1884 was elected a State Senator. He was afterward chosen to fill a vacancy in the office of Lieutenant-Governor, and in the following year was regularly elected Lieutenant-Governor by a handsome majority.

The newly elected Governor of Wisconsin, Mr. W. D. HOARD, lives at Fort Atkinson, but was born in this State. His prominence heretofore has not been political. The only office with which he is credited is that of Sergeant-at-arms of the Senate of Wisconsin in 1872. He has acquired his reputation solely as a farmer and as a champion of the interests of farmers. The dairy interests of Wisconsin have been peculiarly his own charge, and to him more than to any other man is probably due the change from growing wheat to raising cows which has taken place in Wisconsin within the past ten or fifteen years. In 1870 the total value of the dairy product of the State was about $1,000,000. Now it is said to reach $20,000,000, while more than $100,000,000 are invested in the business. Mr. HOARD was one of six men who met in 1872 as the first Dairymen's Convention in the State. He has been actively engaged as a promoter of dairy interests for eighteen years. The addresses he has delivered are numbered among the hundreds. He has also acquired great influence as the editor and owner of newspapers devoted to the same cause. Besides his newspapers he owns a creamery, but he is not a rich man. The house he lives in is a modest, old-fashioned one, with green blinds and plain furniture. In 1879 he was elected President of the Northwestern Dairymen's Association, and he still holds the position. Mr. HOARD went to Wisconsin in 1857. He enlisted in the Fourth Wisconsin Regiment in May, 1861, but in 1862 was discharged for disability. Going to his former home in this State, he recovered his health in a few months, and then enlisted again, serving until July, 1865. Mr. HOARD's age is fifty-two.

THE "SUSA" GALLERY IN THE LOUVRE.

READERS of our MONTHLY* will recall the fascinating account which Madame JANE DIEULAFOY gave of the remarkable excavations conducted by her husband, M. MARCEL DIEULAFOY, and herself, on the site of the famous capital of ancient Persia during the years 1884–6. Beneath the extensive mounds that alone remained to tell the tale of the former glory of Susa DIEULAFOY discovered portions of a palace, huge in its proportions, which had been reared by Artaxerxes Mnemon (B.C. 405–359); and underneath the foundations of this building he came across the traces of an older edifice, which turned out to have been built in the days of Darius I., and upon the ruins of which Artaxerxes raised his own magnificent structure. The task of arranging the enormous specimens of Achemenidan architecture and the numerous articles, large and small, illustrative of Achemenidan art, which the energetic Frenchman brought back to France, seems to have involved quite as many difficulties as the work of excavation itself. At last, after two years of incessant labor, DIEULAFOY is enabled to throw open to the public the spacious gallery in the Musée de Louvre, directly above the "Salle Assyrienne," which has been specially fitted up for the purpose of receiving the collection. The first impression that the visitor receives upon entering the gallery is that of amazement. He will find the expectations which Madame DIEULAFOY's article raised in him more than realized, and it is safe to assert that, since the days when LAYARD set up the colossal bulls and sculptured slabs from the unearthed palaces of Nineveh in the British Museum, nothing has been brought to light to rival in attraction the exhibition which now greets the sight in the Louvre.

Conspicuous above everything else are the friezes from the "throne-room" of the palace of Darius, representing a procession of archers. One is at once struck by the contrast that whereas the Babylonian and Assyrian monarchs used alabaster or some other stone on which they sculptured the scenes that lined the walls of their palaces, we find Darius already using the glazed tiles which remained to the latest period one of the distinguishing features of Persian art. M. DIEULAFOY has been at great pains to place the tiles together in the position which they originally occupied—a task which necessitated a close examination of the thousands of bricks and fragments of bricks which he brought along. In order to give a clearer conception of the appearance which the friezes presented in the palace, DIEULAFOY has in many places restored the bricks, with a faithful adherence, of course, to the original designs, in consequence of which the impression produced by the rounded form thus given to them is exceedingly grand. The walls of the gallery immediately to the right and left of the entrance are taken up with these friezes, each piece measuring about twenty feet long by fifteen feet high. On the one side there are four and on the other three of the famous archers which, according to

* HARPER'S MONTHLY, June, 1887, pages 1 to 23.

DIEULAFOY, are the "guard of the immortals" mentioned in Herodotus, and which have been fully described in the article of Madame DIEULAFOY above referred to. Decidedly the most remarkable feature in connection with the friezes is the brilliancy of the colors in the garments and general glazing of the tiles. When we reflect that these tiles lay buried some thirty feet in the ground for over two thousand years, the preservation of the colors under these circumstances is simply marvellous. It bears witness to the perfection which the art must have attained in those ancient days, and the question naturally occurs whether with the palaces we will also discover the secret of the Achemenidans by means of which they gave a remarkable permanence to their productions.

It is no exaggeration to say that the colors are quite as clear and distinct as though they had been put on a generation ago, and it must be remembered that DIEULAFOY had done nothing to produce this effect except to submit the tiles to an ordinary course of polishing. The sight of entire walls decorated in this fashion must have been truly grand. The garments of the archers fall in graceful folds over their shoulders, and the firmness with which they clutch their bows gives an animated appearance to the scene; only the facial expression leaves something to be desired, the features being stiff and hard, and the beard having more the appearance of a mask than of a natural growth. This criticism does not extend, however, to the two enormous lions with large background which face the archers. Here the artist has been unusually skilful in conveying an impression of fierceness and terror by the open mouth as if in the act of roaring, by the glaring eyes, as well as by the general pose of the animal. M. DIEULAFOY has been somewhat criticised for the restoration which he has attempted also of these figures; but when we see with our own eyes the skill he has shown in following the original design, we are disposed to be rather grateful than otherwise to him for having brought a wonderful past before us with a vividness which scattered fragments would never have been able to accomplish—not even for the specialist. The glazing of the tiles here seems to be even of a finer execution, if possible, than in the case of the archers. Viewed from a distance, the animals seem to step out from the background. The predominating colors here are likewise yellow, saffron, and blue—curiously enough, the very ones mentioned in the description of the palace of Xerxes in the Book of Esther. These lions come from the palace of Artaxerxes, and so does the enamelled support of a staircase which covers another wall of the gallery. For purely artistic workmanship this piece, which Madame DIEULAFOY claims as her particular share of the discoveries, is the finest in the collection. The design reveals an exquisite taste, and the execution is admirable.

Facing the entrance to the gallery is a piece of one of the massive capitals which formed a colonnade around a wing of the palace. The solid block, seventeen feet high, is distinctly Ionic in workmanship, and a most beautiful specimen, but it is rendered grotesque by the two bronze bulls of almost life-size measurement with which it is surmounted. The queer combination, however, is exceedingly instructive, for it illustrates the attempt to unite two wholly different kinds of art. The column is to be directly referred to Greek patterns, if it is not indeed the work of Greek artists imported by Artaxerxes, while the bulls are evidently borrowed from the Babylonians and Assyrians, in whose edifices they were never wanting. Bases of some of the other columns are also on exhibition, which show that they were all alike, and it is estimated that their full height could not have been less than thirty feet. It is impossible to enumerate even the more important of the less massive articles in the gallery. Here are vases of superb execution, there a case containing some hundreds of seals and seal-cylinders, and in another corner specimens of utensils and ornaments found in the mound. But one feature of the collection, though of comparatively little interest to the general public, must not be forgotten. M. DIEULAFOY has been fortunate enough to find quite a number of very large terra-cotta bricks covered with inscriptions, some in the Assyrian language, others in the official language of the Achemenidan court. On the friezes of the archers are also many tiles containing cuneiform characters handsomely glazed. While these inscriptions will hardly tell us all we want to know about the exploits and acts of Darius and Artaxerxes Mnemon during their reigns, they will no doubt, when they come to be studied, be found to contain much that is new to us. One only wishes that DIEULAFOY had found more of such inscriptions. There are hopes that he may still do so, for the excavation of the mounds is far from being complete. Indeed it would be coming nearer the truth to say that the excavation is only fairly begun.

SEA-SICKNESS.

LIABILITY to sea-sickness is almost universal, for even those who usually enjoy immunity from it are apt to succumb during exceptionally severe weather. Nor is it confined to man: horses, dogs, sheep, and elephants have been seen to suffer from it. Infants and aged people happily are for the most part exempt; while among those liable to it its attacks make themselves felt in very different degrees, from a slight feeling of nausea which passes off in a day or two, to a sickness which has been known to confine passengers to their cabins during the entire voyage to India or China. Usually, however, ocean travellers get habituated to the motion of the vessel, and so get rid of their sickness after three or four days. Those who suffer least, according to Dr. Althaeus, are people with a strong heart and a slow pulse, while quick-pulsed, irritable people are the greatest martyrs to it.

A question often asked, and answered in a variety of ways by the chief medical authorities on the subject, is, What is the cause of sea-sickness? It is no doubt due primarily to the motion of the vessel, and especially to the bow and stern movement known as pitching. That it is simply a motion-sickness is proved by the fact that many susceptible people have it on land. We have known ladies get sea-sick over the swaying motion of an omnibus on a hilly road; and the oscillation of a swing, or even of a passenger elevator in a hotel, has with some people a similar effect. Just how the pitching and rolling of a ship acts on the human frame so as to produce the physical and mental prostration of sea-sickness has been and still is a matter of dispute. A distinguished English physician attributes it to the disturbance of the fluids in the semicircular canals of the ear. Another sees the main proximate cause of this disorder in the presence of an undue amount of blood in the spinal nervous centres, which renders the nerves proceeding from them unduly active, with the result of disturbing the action of the organs—especially the stomach—whose movements they regulate. In favor of this theory is the fact that, reduced to practice, it has been found efficient in the prevention of sea-sickness. The cause, according to this theory, being an undue amount of blood in the nervous centres along the back; this amount is to be lessened and the temperature of the spinal region lowered by the application of ice. The testimony as to the efficacy of ice bags placed along the spine is too strong to be gainsaid.

Dr. Carpenter is inclined to attribute sea-sickness to the continued action on the brain of a certain set of sensations, more particularly the sensation of the want of support. Nothing is more disagreeable than the feeling consequent on the sudden giving way of a prop on which one is leaning, and the constant repetition of this sensation every time the vessel makes its downward movement is supposed to produce that nervous derangement which manifests itself in sea-sickness. On this theory of the malady being due to certain sensory impressions, the obvious method of prevention would lie in weakening these impressions as much as possible. How this may be done was shown lately by a writer in the *Lancet*, who states that he found a complete remedy in carefully attending to the motion of the vessel, and accompanying—in his mind even—by a slight stooping or pressing downward of the body the sinking down of the vessel's deck. Another medical correspondent states that be found relief by watching the motion of the vessel, and, as she was about to descend, making an effort as though to force her down. What may thus be effected by conscious effort on the part of the passenger becomes habitual with the sailor, whose body follows the movements of the vessel unconsciously, and in whom the habit becomes so strong that a return to *terra firma* produces at first a marked unsteadiness in his gait. There are seamen, however, who never become good "sailors," some being liable to severe nausea during the first few days of every voyage, and others during exceptionally rough weather. England's greatest admiral, Lord Nelson, is said to have been one of those who never got habituated to the "thud" of the sea. That the sailor's usual immunity from sea-sickness is due to an acquired faculty of following the movements of the vessel is farther shown by the fact that a marked change in the character of those movements is apt to cause sea-sickness in the most experienced mariners. Thus it is well known that old sailors, after a long voyage on the Pacific Ocean, where the seas are large and regular, sometimes become sea-sick when crossing such narrows as the English Channel, where the waves, being short and choppy, produce an entirely different set of movements.

Few landsmen, however, have the necessary opportunities for the acquisition of "sea-legs," and the victims of *mal de mer* whose voyages are mainly confined to crossing or ascending our rivers, or cruising along our coasts, will be wise in making as little use as possible of their nether limbs. All writers are agreed in recommending the horizontal position, and that as nearly as possible in the centre of the ship, as a means of diminishing the tendency to sea-sickness. Certain it is that there is no surer way of precipitating an attack than by planting one's self in an upright position at either end of the vessel, and with one's back to the bows.

Another practical rule, said by a writer in the *Lancet* to be by far the most hopeful remedy we possess, is that of the application of a tight belt round the lower part of the abdomen, the *rationale* of the treatment being that it helps to mitigate the shocks to which in a rough sea the nervous system is subjected. Still another method of dealing with the malady, and one which is growing in popularity, especially in this country, consists in the use of bromides, which render the system less susceptible to the disturbances caused by the ship's movements. The late Dr. George Beard, of New York, who had earned a distinguished reputation as a physiologist, when interviewed on this question, shortly before his death, stated that sea-sickness was perfectly curable, the remedy being bromide of sodium, taken three times a day a few days before embarking, and kept up at sea till the danger is past. Bromide of potassium and hydrate of chloral are also employed for the same purpose, while nitrite of amyl—"three drops inhaled from a handkerchief held close to the nose, the patient being in bed"—is the latest addition to this class of remedies. Their use, however, unless under medical advice, is not unattended with danger; and in a recent communication to an American medical journal the writer remarks, "The use of bromides for this purpose is increasing daily, and I must say I cannot but condemn the practice of using them so indiscriminately and in such large quantities as has been lately recommended."

The imagination has, no doubt, some influence in promoting sea-sickness, the sight of the malady in others having a decided tendency to induce it in cases where resolute determination seemed in a fair way to ward off the attack. Attention to diet before going on board—an empty stomach being one of the things to be avoided—with proper care in the selection of a position when on board, and a resolute determination to resist the enemy, may do much to minimize the evil of sea-sickness. It is not uncommon for those who suffer from it to comfort themselves with the thought that, severe though it be, yet, like nauseous medicine, its after-effects are good. This is undoubtedly an error, no benefit being derivable from sea-sickness except possibly by those who eat too much, and if people seem better for it, it is because the sea has benefited them in spite of this grewsome malady.

THE PHILADELPHIA CITY TROOP.

"THOUGH composed of gentlemen of fortune, they have shown a noble example of discipline and subordination, and in several actions have shown a spirit of bravery which will ever be gratefully remembered by me." This estimate of the character of the First City Troop of Philadelphia, written by GEORGE WASHINGTON on January 23, 1777, expressed so clearly and satisfactorily the aims and soldierly nature of the organization that it has ever since been tacitly recognized as a standard for the guidance of each succeeding generation of troopers. So well has this standard been lived up to that it was not more true of the Revolutionary fighters than it is of the well-drilled troopers who last week competed with the New York Hussars for the cavalry prizes at the Madison Square Garden Horse Show, and who, in a series of brilliant contests, won eight out of the nine prizes offered.

The Troop was organized on November 17, 1774, by a few score Philadelphians of wealth, leisure, and good family, who foresaw that war with Great Britain was unavoidable. Captain MARKOE was the first commander. It must be acknowledged that these wealthy gentlemen had vastly more patriotism than practical knowledge of the duties of troopers. As they enlisted as ordinary privates, they were, of course, compelled to take care of their own horses when they went into active service. They set to work as grooms, however, with the greatest cheerfulness, thereby furnishing a good example to others. It is related that one of them was discovered trying to rub down his horse with the wrong side of the brush!

The Troop's first duty was in serving as WASHINGTON'S body-guard. While the men were stationed at head-quarters an incident occurred that has carefully been handed down from father to son as a practical illustration of the true spirit of discipline and subordination governing the Troop. A wealthy and distinguished Philadelphian was on duty at head-quarters as an orderly. A volunteer colonel came up at a swinging gallop.

"Here, orderly!" he called out, as he dismounted; "hold my horse!"

The wealthy and distinguished Philadelphian touched his cap and held the horse. Presently the volunteer Colonel reappeared.

"All right, orderly," said he, taking the reins. "Here's sixpence for you."

The wealthy and distinguished gentleman took the sixpence, thanked the giver, and again touched his cap. He drilled a hole in the coin and hung it on his watch-guard, saying in explanation that as it was the only money he ever had earned, he intended to hand it down as an heirloom in his family.

Among other engagements, the Troop fought gallantly at the battles of Trenton and Princeton in '76 and '77. General REED said of them that they particularly distinguished themselves at Princeton, where they captured double their number of British dragoons. With the exception of a brief period of service during the war of 1812, the Troop engaged in nothing more warlike than parades until the beginning of the war of the rebellion, when it promptly enlisted. It served for a time in the Army of the Potomac, and won high praise from General GEORGE H. THOMAS, who had an excellent opinion of the men's soldierly qualities. The company's part in the battles of Harrison's Landing and Gettysburg showed that the fighting spirit of the Revolution was still strong and vigorous. The activity of the Troop during the rebellion was really remarkable, in view of the fact that it furnished sixty-eight officers for other volunteers.

After the rebellion the Troop turned its attention to parades, State inaugurations, and social affairs. It has acted as escort for every President of the United States that has visited Philadelphia. Its social entertainments are among the most successful affairs of the kind in the city. In addition to the Troop's popularity as a military company, the social standing of its members tends to give its public receptions a social distinction surpassed by no similar organization in the country.

The diligence of the Troop in social affairs, its independence as a military company, and perhaps the provoking smartness of its parade uniform, at one time or other caused many hard-headed Pennsylvanians to have their facetious flings at what they were pleased to call "carpet soldiers." During the Pittsburgh riots an irreverent newspaper correspondent brought a smile to many a gloomy face by telegraphing to Philadelphia, in answer to an inquiry: "The City Troop is safe. It is securely barricaded in a round-house at Altoona." Since the Troop was made a part of the National Guard in 1879, however, these jokes have entirely ceased, for the troopers have demonstrated their ability and willingness to do as much hard work as any one. In 1883 the Troop marched from Lewistown to Philadelphia, a distance of 176 miles, in six days, and in 1886 it marched from Philadelphia to Gettysburg, a distance of 120 miles, in four days. On each of these occasions the men carried with them every active service equipment except tents. The regular United States cavalry does not often equal that record.

The Troop has an armory in Twenty-second Street, near Walnut Street, Philadelphia, with extensive barracks. The horses are owned by the individual members. They are chosen for their adaptability to the service rather than for their style. Notwithstanding its connection with the National Guard, the Troop still keeps its old uniform, which consists of a high shako helmet, a silver-trimmed and braided blue jacket, white breeches, high cavalry boots, and gauntlet gloves. In the fatigue uniform the shako helmet gives place to a small round cap, and the elaborate jacket to a plain blue jacket with silver buttons. It is a striking-looking dress, especially when the Troop is on parade.

WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

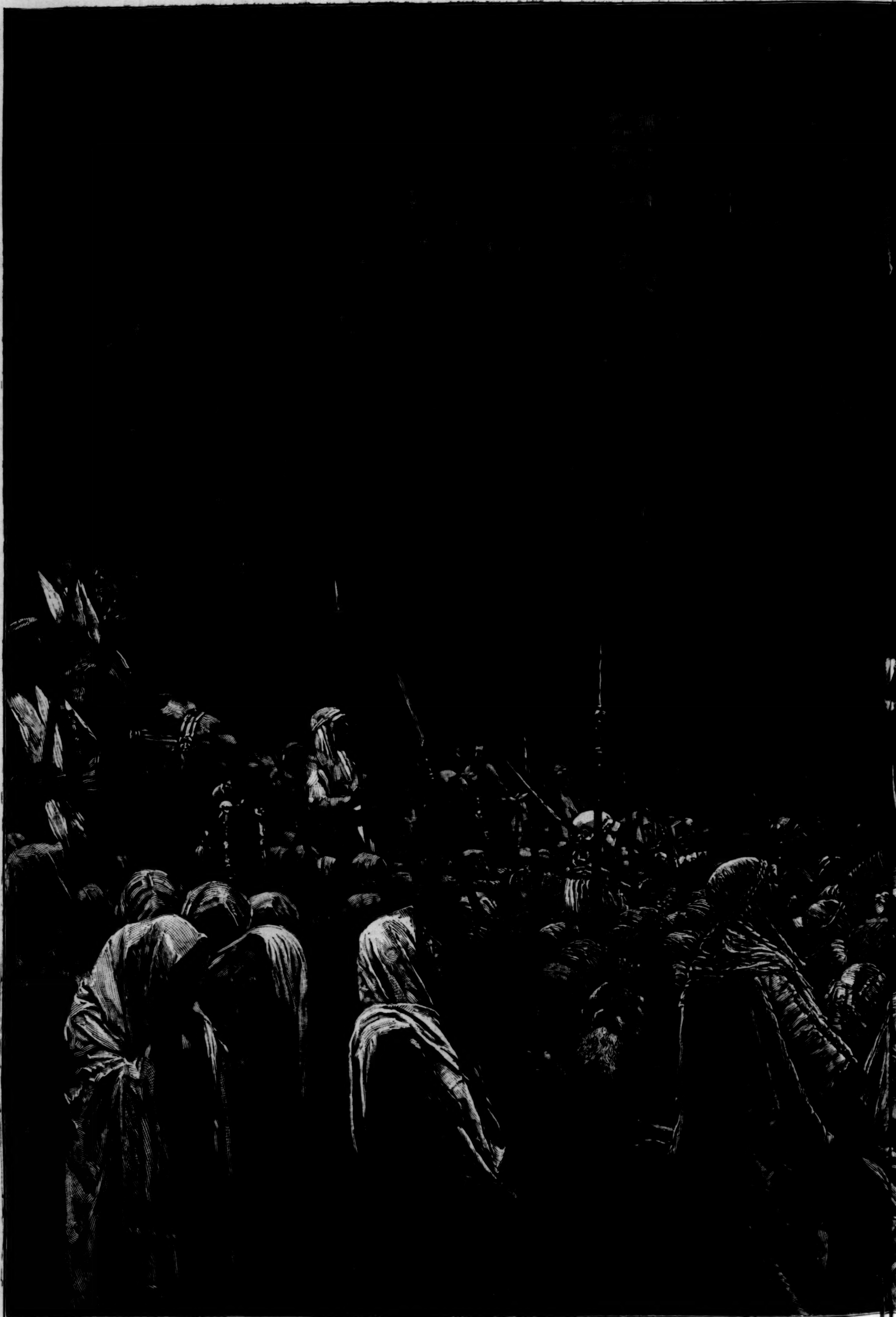
HE KNEW WHERE TO STOP.

"Say, Billy, I'm tuckered out. What 'll yer take ter let me up for the rest of the way?"

"M—er—a fiver."

"Five dollars? Can't do it—dead broke. Reckon I'll hev ter keep right on. But say, you'll hev to wait here till I go back for a lantern. It's likely ter be an all-night job."

"Well, under the circumstances, guess I'll let up."



THE CRUCIFIXION ("EXECUTION UNDER THE ROMANS").—PHOTOG

TOGRAPHED BY KURTZ FROM THE PAINTING BY VERESTCHAGIN.—[SEE PAGE 869.]

THE SIGN LANGUAGE.

By WILLIAM M. EDWARDY.

The sign language which is in general use among the Indians of the plains, and is understood by most of the North American tribes, probably had its origin hundreds of years ago. There seems to be no reliable data as to the time it first came into use, and even the traditions of the Indians themselves throw no light on the subject. The tribes which have become most proficient in its use are those which inhabit the plains of the great Northwest, and this is owing to the diversity of languages spoken and the constant communication which has been kept up between the different tribes. In times of peace they have been accustomed to meet upon common hunting-grounds, and often in the annual buffalo hunts many tribes would meet in friendly intercourse. The languages of the Sioux, Arapahoes, Crows, Cheyennes, Pawnees, Utes, and Blackfeet are all independent tongues, and most of them very difficult to learn. In some instances there are several dialects spoken by the same tribe; so that the great dissimilarity of the spoken languages, together with the constantly recurring necessity of communication, caused the adoption of a sign language, which gradually came into general use. In their wanderings southward the Indians of the Northwest frequently encountered the Southwestern tribes, and in this way the Comanches and Apaches became acquainted with the sign language, but never became very expert in its use.

The method of communicating thought by means of signs has been brought to such a degree of perfection among the plains Indians that any idea can be expressed as readily as if words were employed. Every want can be made known, questions asked, and stories or traditions told. The signs employed are very expressive, and usually convey an idea so clearly that no explanation is needed, even by one who has never seen them before. They are often so forcible that they give an insight into the Indian imagination which could never be conveyed by words. An instance of this is related by Captain W. P. Clark, of the United States army, who made a long and thorough study of the sign language. He noticed that the Indians, in referring to the Milky-Way, made the sign of death and another sign for a trail, and after much inquiry he learned that the Indian superstition was that the Milky-Way was "the direct and easy trail to the happy hunting-grounds made by those who had been killed in battle."

In the sign language different races and tribes are designated by movements of the hands, referring to some real or imaginary characteristic. Thus the sign for a white man is made by drawing the index finger across the forehead to represent the mark supposed to be made by wearing a hat. A negro is designated in the same way, except that the first motion is followed by twisting a lock of the hair between the thumb and forefinger to indicate that the hair is kinky. A Sioux Indian is represented by drawing the finger across the throat, conveying the idea that this tribe formerly cut off the heads of their enemies slain in battle. The sign for a Cheyenne is a motion made with the right hand as if slashing the left arm and wrist, and refers to the custom of the tribe of slashing their arms and wrists with a knife on certain occasions. Two fingers held behind the head represents a Pawnee, as this tribe formerly let the scalp lock stand up straight (Fig. 1). A flapping motion of the arms in imitation of a bird's wings is the sign for a Crow; and the Arapahoes, who claim to be the mother tribe of the Indians, are represented by tapping with the right hand upon the breast.

FIG. 1.—PAWNEE.

Animals are represented by signs which readily convey the idea of some prominent distinguishing feature. The sign for horse is made by placing the first and second fingers of the right hand astride the fingers of the left, thereby making a very clear representation of a man riding (Fig. 2); the sign for buffalo is made by placing the hands against the sides of the head and crooking the fingers to represent horns (Fig. 3); and cattle is made the same way, except that the fingers, or horns, are turned outward (Fig. 4).

FIG. 2.—HORSE.

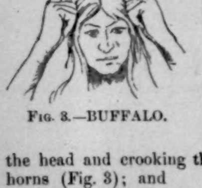


FIG. 3.—BUFFALO.

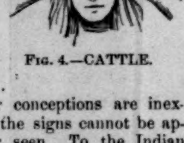


FIG. 4.—CATTLE.

The poetry of the sign language lies in representing the emotions and portraying the Indian idea of nature. Some of their conceptions are inexpressibly beautiful, and the signs cannot be appreciated without being seen. To the Indian mind night is a veil of darkness drawn over the earth, and he represents it with a slow graceful movement, as if drawing a cover over some object before him. Day is just the reverse of night, and the sign is a quick movement with the hands as if the covering was being torn away. Death is represented by the signs for two ideas: first the sign for sleep is made by resting the head against the hand and closing the eyes (Fig. 5); then a slow wave of the hand indicates that the sleeper is covered up. Death in the sign language is nothing more than being asleep and out of sight. Joy is pictured by two signs, one representing day or light, and the other the heart, the idea being that sunlight has entered the heart. Sorrow is also shown by two signs, one representing the heart and the other the ground, and the idea of this, expressed in words, is that the heart has been laid low and rests upon the ground.

FIG. 5.—SLEEP.

Fear is shown by the sign of the heart and raising the hand to the throat, indicating that the heart is trying to jump out of the mouth. The sign for love is made by crossing the hands in front of the heart and drawing them close to the breast (Fig. 6); hate, by closing the hand and striking toward the person intended. Good is represented by holding the hand on a level with the heart (Fig. 7), and bad by a motion as if throwing something away; the sign of friendship is made by clasping the two index fingers in front of the body (Fig. 8), and enmity is made in the same way, except that the sign for "no" is added.

FIG. 6.—LOVE.

FIG. 7.—GOOD.

FIG. 8.—FRIENDSHIP.

To represent the sun, a circle is formed by touching the tips of the thumb and forefinger and raising the hand from toward the east to a point high overhead (Fig. 9); the moon is made in the same way, except that the sign for darkness is added, which makes the Indian name, the "dark sun"; a star is represented by the same sign as for the sun, the circle being made smaller, and a snapping motion made with one finger of the other hand, indicating the twinkling, the idea being to picture the "little twinkling sun." Many of the signs are so plain that it would be almost impossible to mistake them. The thumb and forefinger arched so as to form a circle, represents money or a silver coin (Fig. 10); the hand held over the mouth, silence (Fig. 11); the hands together, with forefingers touching, a tepee (Fig. 12); one hand held high above the head, with index finger pointing upward, a chief (Fig. 13); both hands held in front of face, shutting out all view, darkness (Fig. 14); and both hands doubled up, and held with knuckles touching, a mountain (Fig. 15).

FIG. 9.—THE SUN.

FIG. 10.—MONEY.

Some of the signs are very suggestive; for instance, to indicate hunger the hand is drawn back and forth across the stomach with a sawing motion, to show that the pangs are cutting the body in two; cold is shown by drawing up the limbs and shivering, and old age by going through the motion of walking with a stick.

FIG. 11.—SILENCE.

In the expressive style of speech employed by all Indian tribes the truth is "a straight tongue," and it is represented by one finger pointing from the tongue direct to the front (Fig. 16); falsehood is a "forked tongue," and the sign is two fingers forked pointing from the tongue (Fig. 17). Water is represented by making a motion as if drinking out of the palm of the hand, and fire is made by closing both hands and snapping on the fingers quickly in succession, to indicate the popping of the blaze; whiskey is shown by the signs for water first and fire afterward —"fire-water."

FIG. 12.—A TEPEE.

To show that a person is crazy, the forefinger is placed against the head and a twisting motion made with the hand, the idea being that the mind is in a whirl. War is represented by placing the hands together and grinding them as if something was being crushed between them. A quick stroke of the right hand against the palm of the left means to kill.

FIG. 13.—A CHIEF.

A very few signs are arbitrary, such as the sign for "I want" (Fig. 18); brother (Fig. 19), although the latter may be construed to mean that two are joined together.

A very striking sign is the crossing of the two index fingers to represent a trade (Fig. 20), for in most cases there is in reality a cross between buyer and seller whenever a trade is made.

FIG. 14.—DARKNESS.

The Indians have a sign for disgust which might be translated into one of the slang phrases of the day. To represent the idea two signs are made, first one for the heart, then another for tired, the interpretation being, "It makes my heart tired." When all conversation is at an end, the sign of finished is made, which is done by placing the hands together in front of the body and then slowly drawing them apart, the right toward the right and the left toward the left, the idea being that each one shall go his own way.

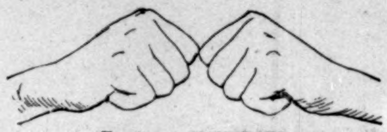


FIG. 15.—A MOUNTAIN.

Besides the sign language the tribes of the Western plains have a complete system of signalling with fire and smoke, and in this particular line the Apaches of the Southwest are far ahead of all others. They select a prominent peak upon which to build the signal-fire, and in the clear pure atmosphere of Arizona and New Mexico a smoke by day or blaze by night can be seen for miles around. The signal code of the Apaches is known only to themselves, but they can telegraph anything they wish to by puffs of smoke or flashes of fire. This is done by wetting a blanket, which is thrown over the fire to smother it, and then withdrawn to allow it to blaze up again. One, two, or three flashes, or a long and short flash, with the various combinations, signify different things, just as the dots and dashes are used in the telegraphic code. The Apaches carried this system of signalling to such a degree of perfection that they could break up into small bands and keep thoroughly posted as to each other's movements, although many miles apart. The rapidity and accuracy with which information was flashed across the country enabled them to elude the United States troops for many years, and until General Miles erected heliograph stations in every mountain range their method of communication was far ahead of anything in use by the American army.

FIG. 16.—TRUTH.

FIG. 17.—FALSEHOOD.

FIG. 18.—"I WANT."

FIG. 19.—BROTHER.

FIG. 20.—A TRADE.

MADISON SQUARE ON ELECTION NIGHT.

Emerson, who never took an active interest in mundane politics himself, once pictured an excited mortal coming out from a political gathering into the light of the immortal stars, who inquire of him, "Why so hot, little man?" If the curiosity of the immortal stars was not gratified on this occasion, and has not been since, there must have been some amazement among the heavenly bodies at the sight witnessed in Madison Square on election night, where from ten to fifteen thousand men and women and even children were gathered to read the returns displayed upon the great *Herald* bulletins. This vast multitude, a part of it shouting and exultant, and a part of it downcast and silent, but each mood alternately seizing either division, so that the square continually resounded to triumphant cheering, surged and seethed and billowed and roared from early evening until long past midnight, with hardly a diminution of enthusiasm. From directly in front of the queer little three-cornered building at the junction of Broadway and Fifth Avenue across to the uptown *Herald* building, and extending down Twenty-third Street to the east, far under the trees of the park to the west, and northward up Broadway and the Avenue as far as the Brunswick and the St. James Hotel, the tumultuous human sea seethed and rolled. So dense was the mass that the stages and street-cars found the utmost difficulty in obtaining passage, and surrounded and partially obscured by the eddying waves of humanity, seemed, from the windows of the hotels and stores about the square, to be floating upon an ocean of heads.

Not the least remarkable feature of this great crowd was the heterogeneity of its *personnel*. Men eminent in politics, in commerce, and in the learned professions swung their hats and shouted, side by side with shabby clerks and ragged laborers. Gamblers in gorgeous raiment who had large sums staked on the result were elbowed and jostled by anxious department employés whose daily bread hung in the balance. Hundreds of women of every social walk, accompanied by husbands or brothers, by other escorts, and not accompanied at all, added their songs of triumph to the grand chorus. Tired children, kept in the street by parents who were too much interested to leave the bulletins, clung wearily to those parents' coats or skirts, as the case might be. Half-grown boys, who, it is pleasing to reflect, were probably thrashed when they got home for staying out late, played idle pranks in the crowd, with their eyes open for the police. Once or twice there was a little auxiliary excitement as a detective, dragging a venturesome pickpocket, forced his way through the throng. An occasional beggar, drifting helplessly from place to place, implored alms at close quarters, and scores of messenger boys were continually pushing through the throng, bearing despatches to newspapers and telegraph offices.

That New York is a Democratic city was demonstrated before the *Herald* bulletin in the earlier part of the evening as clearly as it was at the polls. When the local returns reporting large gains for Cleveland were received, the major part of the crowd was mad with joy. Each change of the stereopticon was followed by a roar that sounded like a blast-furnace, and that might have been heard at the Post-office and Central Park. But as the returns from the State, and then from the other States, indicating gains for Harrison, were posted, there was a brief but perceptible diminution in the volume of the cheering, that was almost immediately brought up to the former level by the defection of disgusted Democrats who left the square and whose places were taken by Republicans, whose enthusiasm bordered upon delirium. As the Harrison vote gradually crept up until victory seemed assured, the Republicans gave way to the most insane demonstrations of glee. Hats were tossed into the air, knocked over the heads of the crowd with sticks, or kicked about the streets. As if by magic, innumerable flags blossomed out over the hydra head of the multitude, and impromptu processions marched up and down among the eager watchers at the bulletin, shouting the war-cries and bellowing the songs of the campaign.

It is to the credit of the city that, in spite of the state of feeling in this great crowd, there were few hard words and no fighting. An Irish gentleman who is on his first visit to this country observed the demonstration from a window of the Hoffman House, and was much amazed at the good-nature of the gathering.

"My countrymen would have been at it hammer and tongs by this time," he said. "Why, I have seen members of Parliament resort to fisticuffs at less provocation."

It was one o'clock in the morning before the bulk of the crowd was dissipated, and then the scenes in the adjoining cafés and bars were no less animated than they had been in the square. Those who were defeated were drinking to drown their sorrow; those who were victorious were drinking to their victory. Cheering, shouting, and singing continued as it had in the streets. The Republicans went home happy.

Frank Marshall White.

LAKE ERIE IN SUNSHINE AND IN STORM.

O Inland Sea! that with clear waters vast,
In mingled green and shade, cloud-caught, stretched dim
To the horizon's utmost northern rim
And then was lost in sky in shades that passed,
Each still more beautiful!—a single mast,
Whose whitened sail might be the summer cloud
Was seen against the sky, then slowly bowed
Its head into the distant blue, when last
At noon I looked on thee. But now, how changed!
Roused by the winds that late have rudely swept
Adown great lakes and roughened them to white,
Afar thy billows gleam, by storm breath ranged,
As though the spirit of the cloud had leapt
To earth to lash thy waves on shoreless night.

H. T. Sudduth.

COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.*

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "Allan Quatermain," etc.

CHAPTER XLII.

IDA GOES TO MEET HER FATE.

Most people of a certain age and a certain degree of sensitiveness of disposition, in looking back down the vista of their lives, whereon memory's melancholy light plays in fitful flashes like the alternate glow of a censer swung in the twilight of a tomb, can recall some one night of peculiar mental agony. It may have come when first we found ourselves face to face with the chill and hopeless horror of departed life; when, in our soul's despair, we stretched out vain hands and wept, called and no answer came; when we kissed those beloved lips and shrunk aghast at contact with their clay, those lips more eloquent now in the rich pomp of their unutterable silence than in the brightest hour of their unsealing. It may have come when our honor and the hope of all our days lay at our feet shattered like a sherd on the hard roadway of the world. It may have come when she, the sweet star of our youth, the pure and holy thing, the type of completed beauty and woman's most perfect measure, she to whom was given the chalice of our joy, and who held in her white hand the love-begotten germ of all our power, ruthlessly emptied and crushed it, and, as became a star, slid down our horizon's ways to rise upon some other sky. Or it may have come when Brutus stabbed us, or when a child whom we had cherished struck us with a serpent-fang of treachery, and left the icy poison to creep upon our heart. One way or another it has been with most of us, that long night of utter woe, and all will own that it is a ghastly thing to face.

And so Ida De la Molle had found it. The shriek of the great gale rushing on that Christmas eve round the stout Norman towers was not more strong than the breath of the despair that shook her life. She could not sleep—who could sleep on such a night, the herald of such a morrow? The wail and roar of the wind, the crash of falling trees, and the rattle of flying stones seemed to form a fit accompaniment to the turmoil of her mind.

She rose, and putting on her dressing-gown, went to the window, and in the dim light watched the trees gigantically tossing in a great struggle for their life. An oak and a birch were within her view. The oak stood the gale out—for a while. Presently there came an awful gust and beat upon it. It would not bend, and the tough roots would not give, so beneath the weight of the breath of its destiny the big tree broke in two like a straw, and its spreading top was whirled into the moat. But the birch gave and bent; it bent till its delicate filaments lay upon the wind like a woman's streaming hair, and the fierceness of the gust wore itself away and spared it.

"See what happens to those who stand up and defy their fate," said Ida to herself with a bitter laugh. "The birch has the best of it."

Ida rose and closed the shutters; the sight of the storm affected her already strained nerves almost beyond bearing. She began to walk up and down the big room, flitting like a ghost from end to end and back again, and again back. What could she do? What should she do? Her fate was upon her: she could no longer resist the inevitable—she must marry him. And yet her whole soul revolted from the act with an overwhelming fierceness which astonished even herself. She had known two girls who had married people whom they did not like, being at the time, or pretending to be, attached to somebody else, and she had observed that they accommodated themselves to their fate with considerable ease. But it was not so with her; she was fashioned of another clay, and it made her faint to think of what was before her. And yet the prospect was one on which she could expect little sympathy. Her own father, although personally he disliked the man whom she must marry, was clearly filled with amazement that she should prefer Colonel Quaritch, middle-aged, poor, and plain, to Edward Cossey—handsome, young, and rich as Crœsus. He could not comprehend or measure the extraordinary gulf which her passion dug between the two. If, therefore, this was so with her own father, how would it be with the rest of the world?

She paced her bedroom till she was tired, and then, in an access of despair, which was sufficiently distressing in a person of her reserved and stately manner, flung herself, weeping and sobbing, upon her knees, and resting her aching head upon the bed, prayed as she had never prayed before that this cup might pass from her.

She did not know—how should she?—that at that very moment her prayer was being answered, and that her lover was then, even as she prayed, lifting the broken stone and revealing the hoard of ruddy gold. But so it was; she prayed in despair and agony of mind, and the prayer carried on the wild wings of the night brought a fulfilment with it. Not in vain were her tears and supplications, for even now the deliverer delved among

"The dust and awful treasures of the dead,"

and even now the light of her coming happiness was breaking on her tortured night as the first cold gleams of the Christmas morning were breaking over the stormy fury of the void without.

And then, chilled and numb in body and mind, she crept into her bed again, and at last lost herself in sleep.

By half past nine o'clock, when Ida came down to breakfast, the gale had utterly vanished, though its footprints were visible enough in shattered trees, unthatched stacks, and ivy torn in knotty sheets from the old walls it clothed. It would have been difficult to recognize in the cold and stately lady who stood at the dining-room window, noting the havoc and waiting for her father to come in, the lovely, passionate, dishevelled woman who some few hours before had thrown herself upon her knees praying to God for the succor she could not win from man. Women, like nature, have many moods, and many countenances to express them. The hot fit had passed, and the cold fit was on her now. Her face, except for the dark hollows round the eyes, was white as winter's snow, and her heart was cold as winter's ice.

Presently her father came in.

"What a gale!" he said, "what a gale! Upon my word, I began to think that the old place was coming down about our ears, and the wreck among the trees is dreadful. I don't think there can have been such a wind since the time of King Charles I., when the top of the tower was blown clean off the church—you remember I was showing you the entry about it in the registers the other day, the one signed by the parson and old Sir James De la Molle. The boy who has just come up tells me that he hears that poor old Mrs. Massey's summer-house on the top of Dead Man's Mount has been blown away, which is a good riddance for Colonel Quaritch. Why, what's the matter with you? How pale you look!"

"The gale kept me awake. I got very little sleep," answered Ida.

"And no wonder. Well, my dear, you haven't wished me a merry Christmas yet. Goodness knows we want one badly enough! There has not been much merriment at Honham of late years."

"A merry Christmas to you, father," she said.

"Thank you, my love; the same to you. You have got most of your Christmases before you, which is more than I have. God bless me, it only seems like yesterday since the big bunch of holly tied to the hook in the ceiling there fell down on the breakfast-table and smashed all the cups, and yet it is more than sixty years ago. Dear me, how angry my poor dear mother was! She never could bear the crockery to be broken—it was a little failing of your grandmother's," and he laughed more heartily than Ida had heard him do for some weeks.

She made no answer, but busied herself about the tea. Presently glancing up, she saw her father's face change. The worn expression came back upon it, and he lost his buoyant bearing. Evidently a new thought had struck him, and she was in no great doubt as to what it was.

"We had better get on with breakfast," he said. "You know that Cossey is coming up at ten o'clock."

"Ten o'clock?" she said, faintly.

"Yes. I told him ten so that we could go to church afterward if we wished to. Of course, Ida, I am still in the dark as to what you have made up your mind to do; but whatever it is, I thought that he had better once and for all hear your final decision from your own lips. If, however, you feel yourself at liberty to tell it to me as your father, I shall be glad to hear it."

She lifted her head and looked him full in the face, and then paused. He had a cup of tea in his hand, and it was held in the air half-way to his mouth, while his whole face showed the overmastering anxiety with which he was awaiting her reply.

"Make your mind easy, father," she said. "I am going to marry Mr. Cossey."

He put the cup down in such a fashion that he spilled half of the tea, most of it over his own clothes, without even noticing it, and then turned away his face.

"Well," he said, "of course it is not my affair, or at least only indirectly so, but I must say, my love, I congratulate you on the decision which you have come to. I quite understand that you have been in some little difficulty about the matter; young women often have been before you, and will be again: but to be frank, Ida, that Quaritch business was not at all suitable, either in age, or fortune, or in anything else. Yes, although Cossey is not everything that one might wish, on the whole I congratulate you heartily."

"Oh, pray don't," broke in Ida, almost in a cry. "Whatever you do, pray don't congratulate me!"

Her father turned round again and looked at her. But Ida's face had already recovered its calm, and he could make nothing of it.

"I don't quite understand you," he said; "these things are generally considered matters for congratulation."

But for all he might say and all that he might urge in his mind to the contrary, he did, more or less, understand what her outburst meant. He could not but know that the exclamation was the last outcry of a broken spirit. In his heart he realized then, if he had never clearly realized it before, that this proposed marriage was a thing hateful to his daughter, and his conscience pricked him sorely. And yet—and yet—it was but a woman's fancy—a passing fancy! She would become reconciled to the inevitable as women do, and when her children came she would grow accustomed to her sorrow, and her trouble would be forgotten in their laughter. And if not, well, it was but one woman's life which would be affected, and the very existence of his race, and the very cradle that had nursed them from century to century, were now at stake. Was all this to be at the mercy of a girl's fancy? No! Let the individual suffer.

So he argued. And so at his age and in his circumstances most of us would argue also; and, perhaps, considering all things, we should be right. For in this world personal desires must continually give way to the welfare of others. Did they not do so, our system of society could not endure.

No more was said upon the subject. Ida made pretence of eating a piece of toast; the Squire mopped up the tea upon his clothes, and then drank some more.

Meanwhile the remorseless seconds crept on. It wanted but five minutes to the hour, and the hour would, she well knew, bring the man with it. The five minutes passed slowly and in silence. Both her father and herself realized the nature of the impending situation, but neither of them spoke of it. Ah, there was the sound of wheels upon the gravel! So it had come.

Ida felt like death itself. Her pulse sunk and fluttered; her vital forces seemed to cease their work.

Another two minutes passed, and then the door opened and the parlor-maid came in.

"Mr. Cossey, if you please, sir."

"Oh," said the Squire. "Where is he?"

"In the vestibule, sir."

"Very good. Tell him I will be there in a minute."

The maid went.

"Now, Ida," said her father, "I suppose we had better get this business over."

"Yes," she answered, rising; "I am ready."

And gathering up her energies, she passed out to meet her fate.

CHAPTER XLIII.

GEORGE IS SEEN TO LAUGH.

Ida and her father reached the vestibule to find Edward Cossey standing with his face to the mantel-piece and nervously toying with some curiosities upon it. He was, as usual, dressed with great care, and his face, though pale and worn from the effects of agitation of mind, looked, if anything, handsomer than ever. As soon as he heard them coming, which, owing to his partial deafness he did not do till they were quite close to him, he turned round with a start, and a sudden flush of color came upon his face.

The Squire shook hands with him in a solemn sort of way, like people do when they meet at a funeral, and Ida barely touched his outstretched fingers with her own.

A few random remarks followed about the weather, which really for once in a way was equal to the conversational strain put upon it, but at length these died away, and there came an awful pause. It was broken at length by the Squire, who, standing with his back to the fire, his eyes fixed upon the wall opposite, after much humming and hawing, delivered himself thus:

"I understand, Mr. Cossey, that you have come to hear my daughter's final decision on the matter of the proposal of marriage which you have made and renewed to her. Now, of course, this is a very important question, very important indeed, and it is one with which I cannot presume even to seem to interfere. Therefore I shall without comment leave my daughter to speak for herself."

"One moment before she does so," Cossey interrupted, drawing indeed but a poor augury of success from Ida's icy looks. "I have come to renew my offer and to take my final answer, and I beg Miss De la Molle to consider how deep and sincere must be that affection which has endured through so many rebuffs. I know, or at the least I fear, that I do not occupy the place in her feelings that I should wish to, but I look to time to change this; at any rate, I am willing to take my chance. As regards money, I repeat the offer that I have already made—"

"There, I should not say too much about that," broke in the Squire, impatiently.

"Oh, why not?" said Ida, in bitter sarcasm. "Mr. Cossey knows it is one of the best arguments with our sex. I presume that, as a preliminary to the renewal of the engagement, the persecution of my father which is being carried on by your lawyer will cease?"

"Absolutely."

"And if the engagement is not renewed, the money will of course be called in?"

"My lawyers advise that it should be," he answered, sullenly; "but see here, Ida, you may make your own terms about money. Marriage, after all, is practically a matter of bargaining, and I am not going to stand out about the price."

"You are really most generous," went on Ida, in the same bitter tone, the irony of which made her father wince, for he understood her mood better than did her lover. "I only regret that I cannot appreciate the generosity more than I do. But it is at least in my power to give you the return which you deserve. So I can no longer hesitate, but once and for all—"

And she stopped dead, and stared at the glass door as though she saw a ghost. Both her father and Edward Cossey followed the motion of her eyes, and this was what they saw. Up the steps came Colonel Quaritch and George. Both were pale and weary-looking, but the former was at least clean. As for George, this could not be said. His head was still adorned with the red nightcap, his hands were cut and dirty, and on his clothes was an unlimited supply of encrusted filth.

"What the dickens—" began the Squire, and at that moment George, who was leading, knocked at the door.

"You can't come in now," roared the Squire. "Don't you see that we are engaged?"

"But we must come in, Squire, begging your pardon," answered George, with determination, as he opened the door. "We've got that to say as won't keep."

"I tell you that it must keep, sir," said the old gentleman, working himself into a rage. "Am I not to be allowed a moment's privacy in my own house? I wonder at your conduct, Colonel Quaritch, in forcing your presence upon me when I tell you that it is not wanted."

"I am sure that I apologize, Mr. De la Molle," began the Colonel, utterly taken aback, "but what I have to say is—"

"The best way that you can apologize is by withdrawing," answered the Squire, with majesty. "I shall be most happy to hear what you have to say on another occasion."

"Oh, Squire, Squire, don't be such a fule, begging your pardon for the word," said George, in exasperation. "Don't go a-knocking of your head agin a brick wall."

"Will you be off, sir?" roared his master, in a voice that made the walls shake.

By this time Ida had recovered herself. She seemed to feel that her lover had something to say that concerned her deeply—probably she read it in his eyes.

"Father," she said, raising her voice, "I won't have Colonel Quaritch turned away from the door like that. If you will not admit him, I will go outside and hear what it is that he has to say."

In his heart the Squire held Ida in some awe. He looked at her, and saw that her eyes were flashing and her breast heaving, and he gave way.

"Oh, very well, since my daughter insists on it, pray come in," and he bowed. "If such an intrusion falls in with your ideas of decency, it is not for me to complain."

"I accept your invitation," answered Harold, looking very angry, "because I have something to say which you must hear, and hear at once. No, thank you, I will stand. Now, Mr. De la Molle, it is this, wonderful as it may seem. It has been my fortune to discover the treasure hidden by Sir James De la Molle in the year 1643."

There was a universal gasp of astonishment.

"What!" said the Squire. "Why, I thought that the whole thing was a myth."

"No, that it ain't, sir," said George, with a melancholy smile, "'cos I've seen it."

Ida had sunk into a chair.

"What is the amount?" she asked, in a low, eager voice.

"I have been unable to calculate exactly, but, speaking roughly, it cannot be much under fifty thousand pounds, estimated on the value of the gold alone. Here is a specimen of it;" and Harold pulled out a handful of rials and other coins, and poured them on to the table.

Ida hid her face in her hand, and Edward Cossey, realizing what this most unexpected development of events might mean for him, began to tremble.

"I should not allow myself to be too much elated, Mr. De la Molle," he said, with a sneer, "for even if this tale be true, it is treasure-trove, and belongs to the Crown."

"Ah," said the Squire, "I never thought of that."

"But I have," said the Colonel, quietly. "If I remember right, the last of the original De la Molles left a will in which he specially devised this treasure hidden by his father to your ancestor. That this is the identical treasure I am fortunately in a position to prove by this parchment;" and he laid the writing that he had found with the gold upon the table.

"Quite right—quite right," said the Squire; "that will take it out of the custom."

"Perhaps the Solicitor to the Treasury may hold a different opinion," said Cossey, with another sneer.

Just then Ida took her hand from her face. There was a dewy look about her eyes, and the last ripples of a happy smile lingered round the corners of her mouth.

"Now that we have heard what Colonel Quaritch had to say," she said, in her softest voice, and addressing her father, "there is no reason why we should not finish our business with Mr. Cossey."

Here Harold and George turned to go, but she waved them back imperiously, and began speaking before any one could interfere, taking up her speech where she had broken it off when she caught sight of the Colonel and George coming up the steps.

"I can no longer hesitate," she said, "but once and for all I decline to marry you, Mr. Cossey, and I hope that I shall never see your face again."

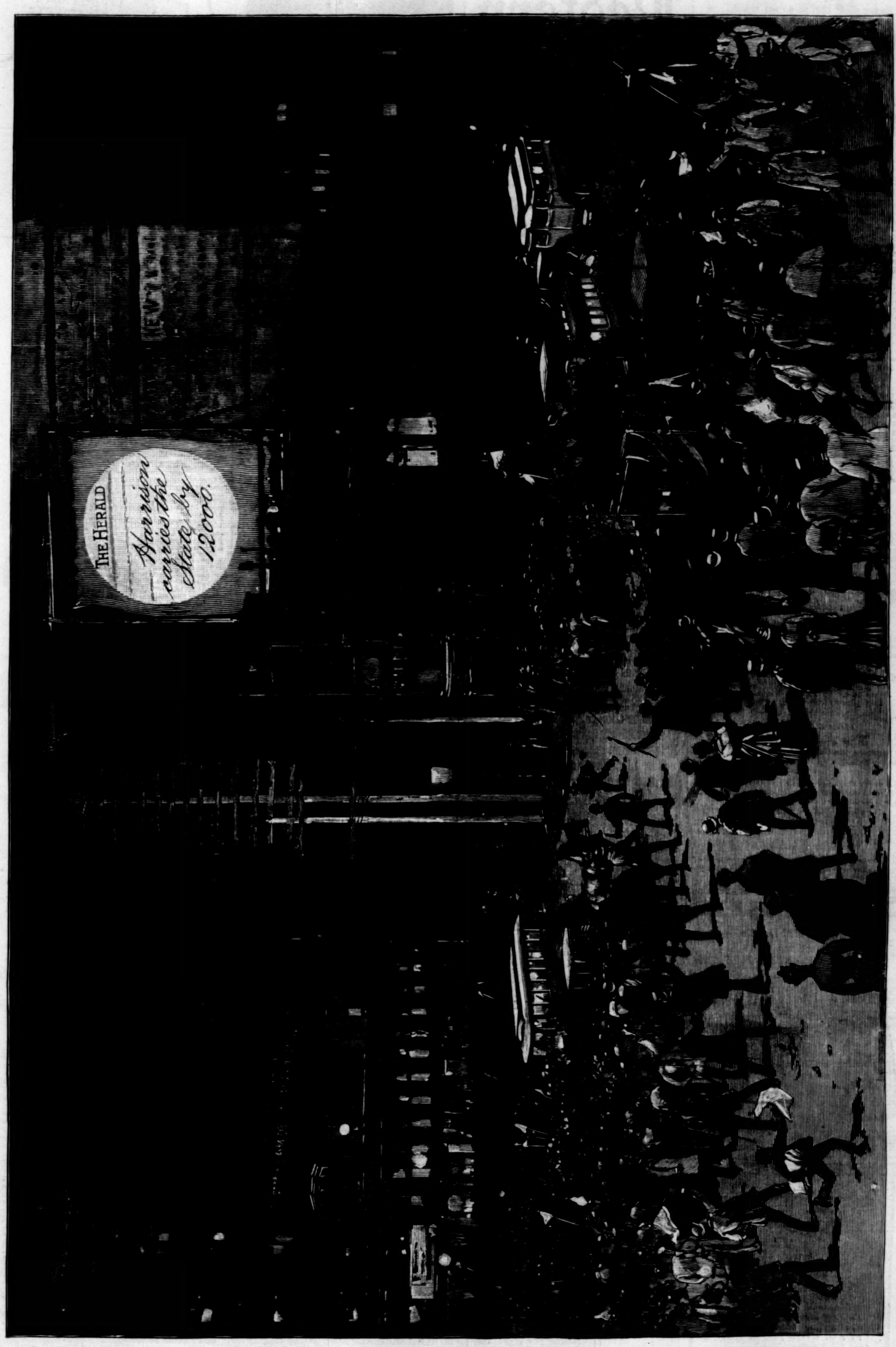
At this announcement the bewildered Squire put his hand to his head. Edward Cossey staggered visibly and rested himself against the table, while George murmured audibly, "That's a good job."

"Listen," said Ida, rising from her chair, her eyes flashing as the thought of all the shame and agony she had undergone rose in her mind—"listen, Mr. Cossey"—and she pointed her fin-

[Continued on page 881.]

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1646.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF ELECTION DAY IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 874.]



MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK, ON ELECTION NIGHT.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 874.]

HER PORTRAIT.

Sweet silent lips, ye do not speak,
To bless with words my listening ear;
The gentle message that I seek
I do not hear.

Sweet downcast lids, ye do not rise,
To let me catch the tender light
That, beaming from belovéd eyes,
Made day more bright.

O break the silence, gentle lips,
With tones that cheer and tranquillize;
Beam forth from that demure eclipse,
O downcast eyes!

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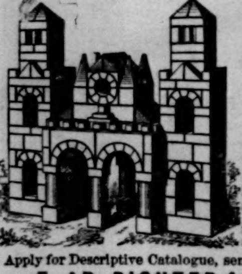

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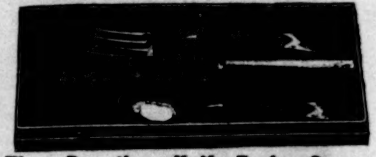

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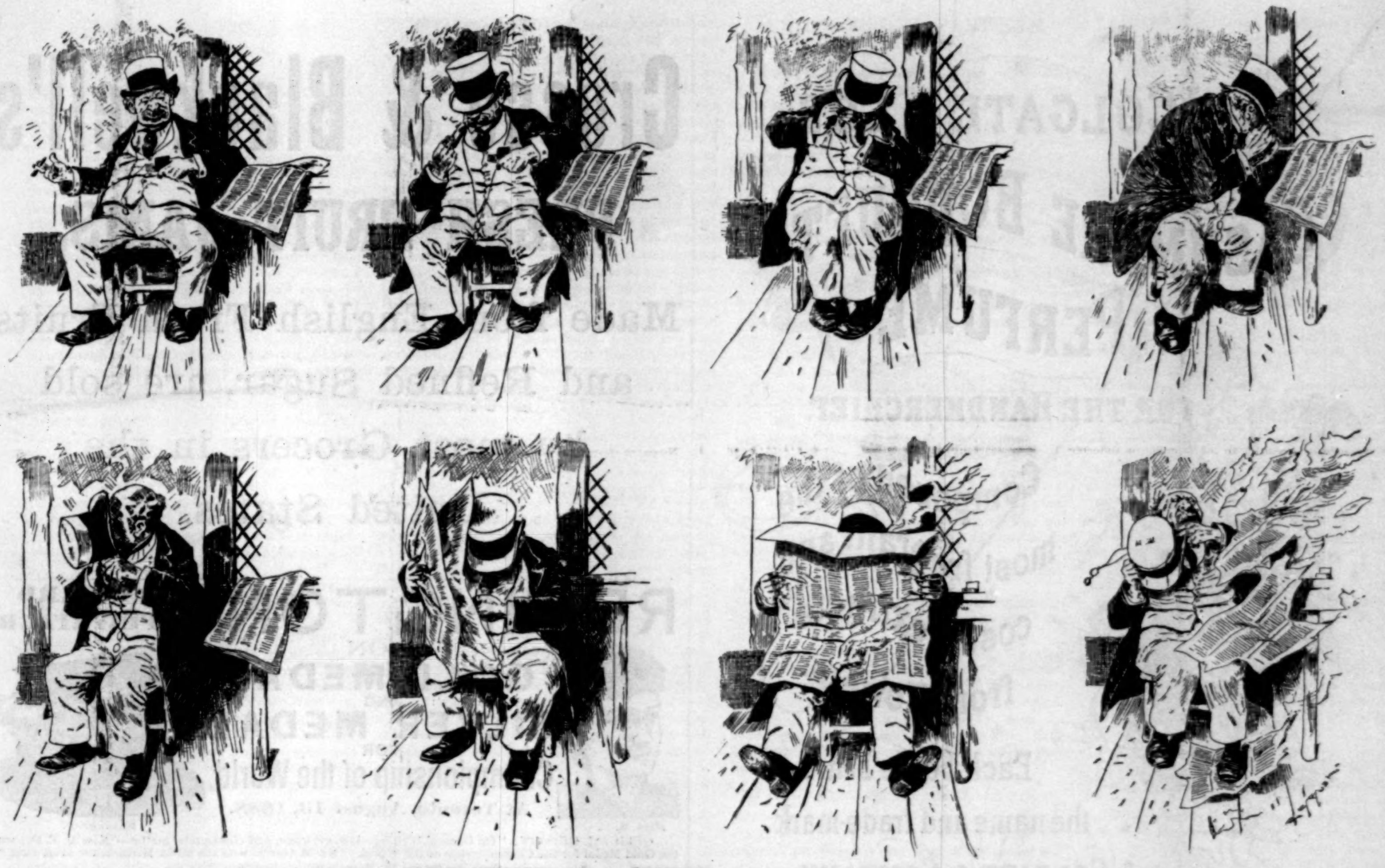

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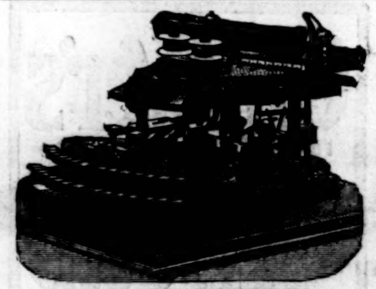

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COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.

(*Continued from page 875.*)

ger at him—"this is the history of our connection. Some months ago I was so foolish, taking you for a gentleman, as to ask your help in the matter of the mortgages which your bank was calling in. You then practically made terms that if it should at any time be your wish I should become engaged to you; and I, having no option, accepted. Then, in the interval, while it was inconvenient to you to enforce your rights, I gave my affection elsewhere. But when you, having deserted the lady who stood in your way—no, do not interrupt me; I know it, I know it all, I know it from her own lips—came forward and claimed my promise, I was forced to assent. Then a loop-hole of escape presented itself, and I availed myself of it. What followed? You again became possessed of power over my father and this place, you insulted the man I loved, you resorted to every expedient that the law would allow to torture my father and myself. You set your lawyers upon us like dogs upon a hare, you held ruin over us, and again and again you offered me money, as much money as I wished, if only I would sell myself to you. And then you bided your time, leaving despair to do its work.

"I saw the toils closing round us. I knew that if I did not yield, my father would be driven from his home in his old age, and that the place he loved better than his life would pass to strangers—would pass to you— No, father, do not stop me; I *will* speak my mind.

"And at last I determined that, cost what it might, I would yield. Whether I could have carried out my determination God only knows. I almost think that I should have killed myself upon my marriage day. I made up my mind. Not five minutes ago the very words were upon my lips that would have sealed my fate, when deliverance came. And now go. I have done with you. Your money shall be paid to you, capital and interest, down to the last farthing. I tender back my price, and knowing you for what you are, I—I despise you. That is all I have to say."

"Well, if that bean't a master one," ejaculated George, aloud.

Ida, who had never looked more beautiful than she did in this moment of passion, turned to seat herself, but the tension of her feelings and the torrent of her wrath and eloquence had been too much for her, and she would have fallen had not Harold, who had been listening, amazed, to this overpowering outburst of nature, run up and caught her in his arms.

As for Edward Cossey, he had shrunk back involuntarily beneath the volume of her scorn till he stood with his back against the panelled wall. His face was white as a sheet: despair and fury shone in his large dark eyes. Never had he desired this woman more fiercely than he did now in the moment when he knew that she had escaped him forever. In a sense he was to be pitied, for passion tore his heart in twain. For a moment he stood thus, and then, with a spring rather than a step, he advanced across the room till he was face to face with Harold, who, with Ida half fainting still in his arms, and her head upon his shoulder, was standing on the further side of the great open grate.

"—— you!" he said, "I owe this to you, you half-pay adventurer," and he lifted his arm as though to strike him.

"Come, none of that," said the Squire, speaking for the first time. "I will have no brawling here."

"No," put in George, edging his long form between the two, "and begging your pardon, sir, don't you go a-calling of better men than yourself adwenturers. At any rate, if the Colonel is an adwenturer, he has adwentured to some purpose, as is easy to see;" and he pointed to Ida lying in his arms.

"Hold your tongue, sir," roared the Squire, as usual relieving his feelings on his retainer. "You are always shoving your oar in where it isn't wanted."

"All right, Squire—all right," said George the imperturbable; "then his manners shouldn't be sich."

"Do you mean to allow this?" said Cossey, turning fiercely to the old gentleman. "Do you mean to allow this man to marry your daughter for her money?"

"Mr. Cossey," answered the Squire, with his politest and most old-fashioned bow, "whatever sympathy I may have felt for you is being rapidly alienated by your manner. I told you that my daughter must speak for herself. She has spoken very clearly, and in short I have absolutely nothing to add to her words."

"I tell you what it is," Cossey said, shaking with fury, "I have been tricked and fooled and played with, and so sure as there is a God above us I will have my revenge on you all somehow. The money that this man says that he has found belongs to the Queen and not to you, and I will take care that the proper people are informed of it before you can make away with it, and when that is taken from you, if indeed the whole thing is not a trick, we will see what will happen to you. I tell you that I will take this property, and I will pull this old place you are so fond of down, stone by stone, and throw it into the moat, and send the plough over the site. I will sell the estate piecemeal, and blot it out. I tell you I have been tricked. You encouraged the marriage yourself—you know you did—and you forbade that man the house." And he paused for breath and to collect his words.

Again the Squire bowed, and his bow was a study in itself. You do not see such bows nowadays.

"One minute, Mr. Cossey," he said, very quietly, for it was one of his peculiarities to become abnormally quiet in circumstances of real emergency, "and then I think that we may close this painful interview. When first I knew you I did not like you. Afterward, through various circumstances, I modified my opinion, and set my dislike down to prejudice. You are quite right in saying that I encouraged the idea of a marriage betwen you and my daughter, and also that I forbade the house to Colonel Quaritch. I did so because, to be honest, I saw no other way of avoiding the utter ruin of my family; but perhaps I was wrong in so doing. I hope that you may never be placed in a position which will force you to such a decision. Also at the time, indeed never till this moment, have I quite realized how the matter really stood. I did not understand how strongly my daughter was attached in another direction, perhaps I was unwilling to understand it. Nor did I altogether understand the course of action by which it seems you obtained a promise of marriage from my daughter in the first instance. I was anxious for the marriage because I believed you to be a better man than you are, and because I thought that it would place my daughter and her descendants in a much improved position, and that she would in time become attached to you. I forbade Colonel Quaritch the house because I thought that an alliance with him would be the most undesirable for everybody concerned. I find that in all this I was acting wrongly, and I frankly admit it. Perhaps as we grow old we grow worldly also, and you and your agents pressed me very hard, Mr. Cossey. Still I have always told you that my daughter was a free agent, and must decide for herself, and therefore I owe you no apology on that score. So much, then, for the question of your engagement to Miss De la Molle. It is done with.

"And now as regards the threats you make. I shall try to meet them as occasion arises, and if I cannot do so it will be my misfortune. But one thing they show me, though I am sorry to have to say it to any man in a house which I can still call my own—they show me that my first impressions of you were the correct ones. *You are not a gentleman*, Mr. Cossey, and I must beg to decline the honor of your further acquaintance;" and with another bow he opened the vestibule door, and stood holding the handle in his hand.

Edward Cossey looked round with a stare of rage, and then muttering one most comprehensive curse, he stalked from the room, and in another minute was driving fast through the ancient gateway.

Poor man! Let us pity him, for he also certainly got his full due.

George followed him to the outer door, and then he did a thing that nobody had seen him do before: he burst out into a loud laugh.

"What are you making that noise about?" asked his master, sternly. "This is no laughing matter."

"*Him!*" replied George, pointing to the retreating dog-cart; "*he's* a-going to pull down the castle and throw it into the moat and to send the plough over it, is he? *Him*—that varmint! Why, them old towers will be a-standing there when his beggarly bones is dust, and when his name ain't no more a name; and there'll be one of the old blood sitting in them too. I knaw it, and I hev allus knawed it. Come, Squire, though you allus du say how as I'm a fule, what did I tell yer? Didn't I tell yer that Prowidence weren't a-going to let this place go to any laryers or bankers or thim sort. Why, of course I did. And now you see. Not but what it is all owing to the Colonel. He was the man that found it, but then God Almighty taught him how to do it. But he's a good un, he is; and a gentleman, not like *him*;" and he once more pointed with unutterable scorn to the road down which Edward Cossey had vanished.

"Now look here," said the Squire, "don't you stand talking here all day about things you don't understand. That's the way you waste time. You be off and look after this gold; it should not be left alone, you know. We will come down presently to Molehill, for I suppose that is where it is. No, I can't stop to hear the story now, and, besides, I want Colonel Quaritch to tell it to me."

"All right, Squire," said George, touching his red nightcap, "I'll be off;" and he started.

"George," holloaed his master after him; but George did not stop. He had a trick of deafness when the Squire was calling and he wanted to go somewhere else.

"Confound you;" roared the old gentleman, "why don't you stop when I call you?"

This time George brought his long, lank frame to a stand-still.

"Beg pardon, Squire."

"Beg pardon, yes—you're always begging pardon. Look here, you had better bring your wife and have dinner in the servants' hall to-day, and drink a glass of port."

"Thank you, Squire," said George, again touching his red nightcap.

"And look here, George. Give me your hand, man. Here's a merry Christmas to you. We've gone through some queerish times about this place together, but now it almost looks as though we were going to end our days in peace and plenty."

"Same to you, Squire, I'm sure—same to you," said George, pulling off his cap. "Yes, yes, we've had some bad years, what with poor Mr. James and that Quest and Cossey (he's the master varmint of the lot, he is), and the bad times, and the Moat Farm and all; but, bless you, Squire, now that there'll be some ready money and no debts, why, if I don't make out somehow so that you all get a good living out of the place, I'm a Dutchman. Yes, it's been a bad time, and we're getting old, but there, that's how it is, the sky almost allus clears toward nightfall. God Almighty has a mind to let one down easy, I suppose."

"If you would talk a little less about God Almighty, and come to church a little more, it would be a good thing, as I've told you before," said the Squire; "but there, go along with you."

And the honest fellow went.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN OFFENSIVE PARTISAN.

By LYNN R. MEEKINS.

When the Hon. Warwick Jones drove over from the county-seat to Forkbridge district and offered Stephen Booz the nomination for Sheriff, Mr. Booz said, frankly, that he did not want it.

"That's all very well," replied Mr. Jones, "but you've got to take it. We've been running things a little too strong for the people, and that independent movement is getting dangerous. The other districts are going to give us a hard pull, and Forkbridge's majority must be our salvation. The folks around here have confidence in you, and your name will carry the ticket through. We can't help what you wish; you've got to take it."

"But the expense—"

"Oh, that's all right. You don't want to spend your money? Very well. I'll get enough out of the other candidates to supply you."

"How much?"

"Will a thousand do?"

"Better make it two. And look here—if I go on the ticket, not a soul is to know about my consent until I give it. Fix it up yourself, and give me the time to straighten out a few things."

So it was settled. The Hon. Warwick Jones drove back home, and told the two men associated with him in the ring the results of his visit. "It will cost us about fifteen hundred dollars," he said, "and at least half of it will go into old Booz's pocket; but we've got to do that or be whipped."

It was the logic of necessity, and it was promptly endorsed.

"But how shall we keep Booz's nomination quiet? There are a good many men after the office."

"My dear fellow," said the Hon. Warwick Jones, "you have answered your own question. We'll have a candidate for Sheriff from every district, including Forkbridge. We'll get them red-hot against one another. We'll even let them fight, and then we'll spring Stephen Booz as a dark horse, and run him through before they have time to find out what it is all about."

Mr. Booz was not new in politics, although his name had never been on a ticket. Early in his experience he had found out that the man who handled the finances had a safer and surer way of making money than the man who ran for office. This fact was impressed upon his mind by the prosperity of the bosses and the chronic bankruptcy of the candidates. So when he plunged into affairs of state it was as a district manager, and not as a party champion. He looked upon politics strictly for what there was in it. His partisanship had a financial value, and it was chiefly for the finances that he was a partisan, his idea of political economy being entirely personal.

And yet he was a man of decided influence. He knew the people—knew their weaknesses. He had their confidence, because he always paid his debts; he lived plainly and well, and he put on no unnecessary airs. In the country nothing inspires respect so much as money, especially when the owner of the money is a man ordinarily careful in his business and social relations. To Mr. Booz open irregularity of any kind was worse than criminal—it was foolish; but quiet cunning was an indication of righteousness and a proof of business sagacity. His principles were simply appearances, and the fact that he kept up the appearances gave him a reputation for possessing and practising the principles.

Mr. Booz's political education had taught him that a thorough preparation was worth a year of open campaigning. For this reason he began work at once.

Sunday came, and as he had heard that an appeal was to be made to pay off a part of the church debt, he was promptly on hand with a pleasant salutation for everybody. It was a plain rural congregation, in a region uncontaminated by railroads and the larger accessories of civilization. The minister got only four hundred dollars a year, and the church finances were on a corresponding scale of modesty.

Just after the sermon a request was made for one hundred dollars. As usual, two of the members were invited to go through the congregation and take up the contributions. Results came tardily at first, but gradually the items added up to about sixty dollars.

Here was Booz's opportunity. Beckoning to one of the solicitors, he said, in a whisper which was quite distinct to at least two-thirds of the people in the small church, "Put me down for forty dollars."

This gave great satisfaction.

At the end of the services the minister came down from the pulpit, shook hands with his people, and finally reached Mr. Booz.

"Brother Booz," he said, "I'm glad to see you here, sir—very glad to see you, sir, and I want to thank you for your generosity."

"Not generosity, my dear sir," said Mr. Booz, cheerily, "but duty, plain duty. I don't come to hear your fine sermons as often as I ought, and when I do come it is right for me to make up a little for my deficiency, especially when you and your church are doing such good work for us. In fact I don't know of a country church anywhere that could give us more interesting services or a better congregation than we have had to-day."

All this fell into fruitful soil, and at every dinner that day the name of Booz got its meed of praise.

Two days afterward Mr. Booz, while driving along the road, met Rev. Josiah Brown, the pastor of the colored church.

"Good-morning, Mr. Booz."

"Good-morning, Mr. Brown. How are you getting along at your church?"

"Slowly, sir, slowly. The people hev no money scarcely, and it's hard to make both ends meet. We wanted to fix up the church, but I guess we'll hev to wait till times gits better."

"That's bad, very bad. I don't like to see a useful man like you hampered in that way. I suppose twenty dollars wouldn't help you much, would it?"

"Twenty dollars! 'Deed it would, sir—'deed it would."

"Well, now, if you will just take the money and go ahead, and not mind about where it came from, I'll be glad to give it to such a good cause."

Rev. Mr. Brown was profuse—yes, superabundant in his thanks. The two crisp ten-dollar notes made his face look ten years younger. Booz knew perfectly well that what he said about not being known in the matter would give an impetus to the spreading of his name in a quiet and effective way. If anything will set the average negro talking, it is a half-secret.

That night Mr. Booz had eaten his supper, and was enjoying his pipe on the porch. Suddenly he looked up and said to his wife, the faithful, industrious helpmate whose management had enabled him to become a self-made man,

"Miranda, you were talking some time ago of having the folks here?"

"Yes, Stephen; but you said it would be too much trouble."

"Did I? Well, I guess I was wrong. Suppose you do it. I believe I would enjoy it myself. And, Miranda, while you are about it, why not make it a nice affair? Get all the folks here, young and old. We're travelling along in life, and I don't see why we shouldn't celebrate a little, and show our friends we are glad to see them."

"I declare, Stephen, you're getting real sensible."

"Oh, I showed that a good while ago."

"I'd like to know when?"

"When I married you, of course. And, Miranda, that knot was tied twenty-five years ago this Wednesday two weeks. It's been so pleasant, let's have it tied over again, and invite the people to see it done."

These little ripples in the uneventful life of Forkbridge district had a decided effect upon the reputation of Mr. Booz. His name had always been respected; now it was becoming popular. Evidently he was fixing "a few things," as he had expressed it to the Hon. Warwick Jones, with even greater success than he had anticipated.

A week after the silver wedding anniversary, which the effulgent correspondent of the county paper described as "the grandest society event Forkbridge district had known for years," the Convention met in the court-house at Quantico. It was about fifteen miles from Forkbridge, the modest metropolis of Forkbridge district, and Forkbridge was just a mile from the Booz farm.

Mr. Booz knew that the news of the Convention's work would reach the village shortly after supper. He had eaten his evening meal, and was standing at the front gate.

"Miranda," he said, "I am going down to the store to get a new bridle strap. Any errands you want?"

"Not that I know of."

He walked slowly at first; then quickened his step; then slowed up again as he neared the village. He went at once to the store, and began to make his purchase and talk about the weather and the crops.

Suddenly the rumbling of wheels was heard, and a minute more one of the delegates to the convention had drawn up his team in front of the store.

"What's the news?" asked several at once.

The delegate descended from the carriage as if he had a message from the President, and in self-important tones announced, "They've nominated Stephen Booz for Sheriff."

"They've done what?" demanded Booz, appearing at the door.

"They've nominated you for Sheriff."

"Get out!"

"It's a fact. Nominated you unanimously."

"What on earth did they do that for?"

"Well, you see, everybody was fighting for the place, and nobody was likely to git it, when Jones—Warwick Jones, you know—got up and said he knew a man who would git everybody's vote; and he talked on, stirring us all up, until he said, 'I nominate Stephen Booz, of Forkbridge district.' Then, gentlemen, we delegates from Forkbridge just dropped everything and howled for Booz. The noise was too much for the other fellows, and before they knew what had struck them Stephen Booz was nominated. Mr. Booz, I congratulate you. I'm proud to know that Forkbridge has such a man."

"Well, well," says Booz, musingly, "if this don't beat creation! I know it's a big honor, gentlemen, but it's such a surprise that I don't know what to say. Seems to me, though, they'll have to get somebody else."

To this there were general protests, and amid them Mr. Booz, wearing an expression of troubled indecision, started home. The news had quickly spread, and he met several people on his way. The greetings with each were about the same.

"I see they've nominated you for Sheriff?"

"Yes, yes. But if I'd know'd they were going to do it, I'd stopped the whole thing."

"Won't you accept?"

"That depends—that depends."

When he reached home Miranda asked the old question so familiar in the country,

"What's the news?"

"Bad news."

"What?"

"They've nominated me for Sheriff."

Mrs. Booz, with all her practical mind, was a woman of ambition. She sighed for the experience of town life, and this longing had been intensified by the social success of the wedding anniversary.

"Bad news?" she exclaimed. "Well, I guess

EVOLUTIONS OF THE FIRST CITY TROOP OF PHILADELPHIA, THE WINNERS IN THE CAVALRY DRILL CONTEST A

AT THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 871.]